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THE NATION

AUGUST 2, 1975 50 cents

PENNY LERNOUX
Juan Valdez Exposed

THE WORLD POLITICS OF COFFEE

'Bribable Socialism'

The Divine Right of Mrs. Gandhi

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

Ronald Christ

OCTAVIO PAZ OF CONTRARIES

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LETTERS

critic's motive

New York City

Ida Silverstein, in a letter in your July 19th issue, suggests that I compromised myself by writing (*The Nation*, June 21) about co-op galleries without disclosing that my wife, a painter, is a member of one of the co-ops I admire. In fact there is more than that: my wife is also a former member of another of the co-ops having the type of organization I favor. I used to be the curator of the Guggenheim Museum, but left after a dispute with the director. When I criticize the Guggenheim, as I have done, does Miss Silverstein think I am engaged in revenge?

The point is I am not an *exhibition reviewer* but an *art critic*. An exhibition reviewer is supposedly detached: he or she visits a gallery, looks at the show, and need never meet the artist. An art critic however is more involved with artists and with developing situations in the art world. For instance, my piece introduced unpublished information and new opinions about co-ops, which would not have been available to an exhibition reviewer. Neither promotion nor revenge is my motive; what I aim for is an informational view of the art world, based on diverse sources.

Lawrence Alloway

shadow and substance

New York City

I was shocked and amazed when I read "The Shadow of Southern History" by David Underhill [*The Nation*, June 21]. The article starts out castigating the prison system in Alabama, an attitude that one would expect of *The Nation*, but as it goes along, it attacks Morris Dees and the Southern Poverty Law Center, both of whom have performed tremendous services for poor blacks in the South, but mostly by innuendo. The article then brings in the SLA and the Boston school controversy, neither of which have anything to do with the Alabama prison system, but serve to exhibit the prejudices of your writer.

Henriette S. Shirpser

as she pleases

Detroit, Mich.

Being employed in architecture, I read its trade magazines to learn what is happening to aluminum, glass, reinforced concrete and carpeting. It gets to be a chore—I mean the reading. Why?

There is a kind of football-team spirit in my architectural magazine. First, the boss editor gets his little group together and gives them the signals for a future issue. He hands out a key word for any month. Maybe it is History, or Symbolism, or Environment, or Airports—something ranging from Big to Cosmic. Then, the little team goes charging down the field . . . ready to do or die for dear old Architecture and the month's key word.

Jane Holtz Kay's article about the IDS Center in Minneapolis (*The Nation*, June 21) was a great relief from the team stuff. I suspect that editorial policy has a lot to do with it. Perhaps she has been told to write as she pleases. The result makes easy reading and, incidentally, carries a terrific wallop. John Portman's vulgarities, for example, were demolished in about fifty words. More power to you and architecture.

Alan Mather

accuracy in education

Cortland, N.Y.

In "The American High School: Beleaguered Institution" [*The Nation*, Dec. 14, 1974], A. Harry Passow makes errors in two of the titles to which he refers. Charles Silberman wrote *Crisis in the Classroom*, not *Crisis in the American Classroom*, and Arthur Bestor wrote *Educational Wastelands*, not *Education Wastelands*.

While these errors seem unimportant, they represent exactly the sort of contempt for accuracy that students in teacher-training courses learn is acceptable. A lack of care and discipline in such things might help to explain the sloppy thinking of students who become teachers and pass the sloppiness on to their students in the schools with which Passow is concerned.

C. Ashley Ellefson

EDITORIALS

Running for Vice President

"You don't run for Vice President." So a spokesman for Vice President Rockefeller insisted recently. And you don't—if you are the incumbent by election or appointment. But Ronald Reagan is obviously toying with the idea of running for the Vice Presidency by running for the Republican Presidential nomination in selected primaries. The evidence is circumstantial but quite persuasive. The President is a cinch to be nominated, but to minimize any possible risks, he has shrewdly thrown a bone to the right-wing conservatives by saying in effect that he favors an open convention in which the delegates would be free to select the Vice President. He is "for" Mr. Rockefeller but will run a separate campaign. The canny Melvin Laird first suggested this strategy, which must annoy Rockefeller as much as it soothes his enemies.

Once nominated the President could, and probably will, press hard for Rockefeller, and his preference might then have to be respected. In the general election, Rockefeller would add more strength to the ticket than Reagan, but between now and the convention, the President has quieted the anti-Rockefeller elements by the talk of an open convention. The same strategy was no doubt behind the designation of Howard Callaway, a Southern conservative who stepped down as Secretary of War, to head the President Ford Committee; his assistants are the conservatives David Packard and Dean Burch. These designations must have flashed a signal to Reagan. At the same time the President has succeeded in lining up former key Reagan supporters in California: to name a few, Henry Salvatori; California Atty. Gen. Evelle Younger, long a Reagan backer; Mrs. Margaret Martin Brock; Dr. William Banowsky; Taft Schreiber; James Halley; Putnam Livermore, and Paul Haerle, the GOP state chairman and formerly Reagan's appointments secretary. Haerle is now a member of the steering committee for Ford's campaign; his defection must have jarred Reagan.

In response to these developments, Reagan's remaining backers moved swiftly to establish at least a bargaining position at the convention by setting up a Citizens for Reagan Committee, headed by Lyn Nofziger. Those thus far identified with this committee do not constitute an impressive list. Reagan wants to buy time to see if the President is able to maintain his present strong position. Should he decide to run, it will be for the purpose of forcing the President to abandon Rockefeller as the price for securing the active support of right-wing conservatives. But he would have to demonstrate substantial strength before Ford would consider dumping his colleague. What it comes down to is that the President is playing games with the right-wing conservatives. Reagan would not be a strong Vice Presidential nominee—witness the defection of former supporters in California—nor would John Connally; both were closely identified with Nixon and are anathema to liberal Republicans and independent voters. So the non-elected President and Vice President will, in all probability, be next year's Republican nominees. Even so, the possibility remains that the ideological right-wing conservatives—the self-styled "counterrevolutionaries," as dis-

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tinguished from the traditional business and middle-class conservatives—may decide to break with the GOP whether or not Rockefeller is nominated. These elements are seriously disaffected—no doubt of that—but that they can engineer a break with the Republican Party is another matter.

The New Right and the GOP

There is clear evidence that in the post-Watergate period right-wing ideologues have become increasingly unhappy with the GOP. Rockefeller's appointment infuriated them; Henry Kissinger does not enchant them; they are annoyed by the President's genial standpattism. At the moment many of them make evident their feeling that the Republican Party is a "burned-out case." Viewing themselves as "social-cultural conservatives," they scorn the politics of compromise and mutual accommodation. The Conservative Caucus, claiming 37,000 members, organized by Howard Phillips, a founder of Young Americans for Freedom and former head of OEO, is the most militant of the "New Right" groups. As Phillips puts it: "There is nothing a liberal Democrat can do to this country that would be worse than what Gerald Ford has done." The American Conservative Union, chaired by M. Stanton Evans and claiming 40,000 members, voices sentiments almost as strident. Then there is the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, somewhat similar in point of view, headed by Paul Weyrich and financed by Joseph Coors, the conservative Colorado tycoon, brewer of Coors beer. More or less in the same camp is the so-called "St. Michaels Group" consisting generally of supporters of Sen. James Buckley. Still other formations include the Committee on Conservative Alternatives (COCA) that operates out of the office of Sen. Jesse Helms; Heritage Foundation, headed by James T. McKenna, and the Committee for Responsible Youth Politics.

These various groupings on the Right are divided on some issues and may well split over the proper tactics to be pursued in 1976. What they have in common is a dislike of détente, of Ford's ideological fuzziness as well as his style and rhetoric, and a feeling that right-wing conservatism is the wave of the future. They are indeed ideologues, and have little patience with old-style politics. They dislike the media and the political environment of Washington, which they feel is media-poisoned. The godfather of this "New Right" element, reports John Fialka in *The Washington Star*, is Richard Viguerie, the direct-mail expert, who constitutes a link between it and Gov. George Wallace. Like Phillips, Viguerie is an alumnus of YAF; he was named executive director in 1961 and served in that capacity for some years. He is perhaps the most outspoken of the lot. Fialka quotes him as saying that he has "burned his bridges" with the Republican Party.

But some New Right elements are not enthusiastic about a break with the Republican Party in 1976. Con-

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servative incumbents might be endangered by such a move, and there are also those who feel that not enough time remains between now and November 1976 to develop a movement that could be a real force in the election. Most members of the New Right want to see a third party emerge but would settle for an independent Presidential ticket next year. Incumbent conservatives, however, are vaguely apprehensive that such a ticket might embarrass them. The elitists of the New Right dislike the "anti-intellectualism" of Phillips and Viguerie, both of whom might be described as right-wing Populists or radicals. Both are interested in the people "out there"—that is, those who live outside Washington. Tactically, they are out to organize grass-roots groups around particular issues as a first step toward uniting all of the disaffected in a national movement. Nixon and Agnew made much of the so-called "social issues" as a way to divert attention from the war in Vietnam and other major concerns. But they were content merely to make rhetorical passes, so to speak, at the disaffected; they did not try to organize them in local communities on an issue-by-issue basis. Phillips and Viguerie have a different approach. They would gather right-wing support around such issues as bussing, anti-abortion, anti-Equal Rights Amendment, anti-obscenity, opposition to amnesty, gun control, "liberal textbooks" and similar issues.

Viguerie is confident a third party, "a new majority," can be put together out of what he calls one-issue people. At the moment, the Conservative Caucus, now chaired by Gov. Meldrim Thomson of New Hampshire, is seeking to organize grass-roots issue groups in each of the 435 Congressional districts. "We have to build political mechanisms at the grass roots," Phillips told *The Wall Street Journal*'s Alan L. Otten. "We need a local power structure for conservatives, to contend with the Washington power structure of the liberals." The ultimate objective is a coalition of single-issue groups whose separate objectives would be mutually reinforcing. If the more "radical" elements of the New Right fail to engineer a third-party split in 1976 or decide to postpone the attempt, and even if they forgo an independent Presidential ticket, their agitation could well turn off large numbers of voters who would normally vote for the Republican ticket. The real question is, can the New Right hope to induce the traditional conservatives to join a third party or support an independent Presidential ticket next year? Most conservatives of this brand seem fairly well satisfied with President Ford at the moment; after all, they are traditionalists who have long regarded the Republican Party as the authentic voice of American conservatism.

The Olson Case

All the facts may not be finally pinned down, but enough is known about the 1953 death of CIA employee Frank Olson—who jumped from a New York hotel window after being used, apparently without his knowledge, as a guinea pig for the CIA's LSD experiments—to suggest that criminal indictments should be sought for manslaughter and possibly other crimes. President Ford did the decent thing by apologizing to Olson's family and setting in motion the machinery which might lead to substantial financial compensation, but it would be a mistake for investigation to stop there.

On the basis of what we do know, there seems to be probable cause that, in addition to manslaughter, obstruction of justice was committed. New York police were not given a true report of what happened and, according to the Rockefeller Commission staff, the chief of the CIA's LSD testing program destroyed records in an attempt to cover up the crime.

The defense of "national security" has a hollow ring as applied in the Olson case, and further revelations of government criminality make prosecution the more imperative. Retired CIA counsel Lawrence Houston has said that over the years the CIA covered up nine domestic crimes committed by its employees. It is reasonable to believe that Houston's figure is conservative. Illegal FBI break-ins into foreign embassies reportedly took place on an average of once a month. *Newsweek* reports 1,500 domestic break-ins. The FBI and the National Security Agency have for at least five years violated FCC regulations by monitoring international commercial cable traffic, sources reportedly told the New York *Daily News*.

The Olsons deserve a whopping settlement or judgment. In Manhattan, police and Dist. Atty. Robert Morgenthau are said to be looking into Olson's death for still-indictable crime. And in Washington, fortunately, the House Select Committee on Intelligence now has at its head the tough-minded, conscientious Rep. Otis Pike (D., N.Y.). He seems to recognize the seriousness of his job. Pike told Mary McGrory: "In Watergate, people had to ask themselves, could one man, Richard Nixon, be evil? But in this they have to ask themselves if their country can be bad. It will be much worse. Nobody wants to think ill of their country." If CIA-FBI crimes continue to go unprosecuted, more and more people will be compelled to do so.

The Office Building Binge

A "super-duper" money crisis has befallen New York. Indications are that ultimately the brunt of the burden of budget cuts in response to it will fall on city employees and the New Yorkers they serve. The financiers and conservative politicians in Albany and Washington seem to relish this chance to turn the clock back on city services and salaries and benefits. And although the latter two arguably rose too quickly when John Lindsay was Mayor, and there does seem to be some patronage fat in the budget, it is unjust to make scapegoats of municipal workers.

What has happened in recent weeks—with Governor Carey's creation of the Municipal Assistance Corporation (dubbed by him "Big Mac")—has been the formal ascendancy to power of the corporate and banking forces that to varying degrees have dominated much of the city's political economy throughout this century. New York has been mismanaged by politicians, but it has been served worse by corporate powers and—most of all—financiers. The irony of their enthroning is that in many ways it was just those private forces which—through their often exorbitant (and tax-free) interest charges and their recent refusal to meet the city's credit needs—contributed to and possibly precipitated the current fall of New York.

The case against New York's financial community can

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be made at least several ways, but the most visible manifestations of the mismanagement, waste and inequity that have marked private domination of the city seem to be the part-empty skyscrapers that dot Manhattan. As Eleanore Carruth wrote in *Fortune* earlier this year, office buildings in the city are encumbered with more than 30 million excess feet of space—almost a square mile. Total cost of the unneeded space: $2 billion. Consequently, as Carruth points out, "Manhattan now has a plethora not only of empty office space but dead capital as well." Financial institutions, she says, hold $1.5 billion in paper on 85 per cent (apparently all *Fortune* could track down) of the buildings put up privately in the 1970s. With a vacancy rate of 18 per cent—the highest since 1939—these buildings are present evidence of some bad investments made in the recent past. Citywide, of course, the biggest mistake was the Port Authority-owned World Trade Center, whose twin towers, widely known as Nelson and David, were erected—such is the autonomy of the Port Authority—without regard to city-planning procedures.

Glenn Collins warned with remarkable prescience in an August 1972 *New York Times Magazine* article—"Notes on a Revolutionary Dinosaur"—of the impending danger. *Fortune* had sounded a similar warning against overproduction several years earlier, and undoubtedly there were others. But much of the damage had already been done, and for the rest such alerts seemed to have been largely ignored. For in the late 1960s, Carruth quotes an Equitable Life vice president as saying, "There was a watering down of requirements in order to get the business." In plainer language the financiers went haywire. The loss to sectors of the economy where capital was authentically needed—say, in genuinely middle- and low-income housing or mass transit—is probably staggering. One survey, reports John Pastier in the *Los Angeles Times*, puts the cost of unrented office and retail space *outside* New York at $6.5 billion.

The dominoes of the vacant offices will start falling if and when the part-empty buildings default on their mortgage payments. Carruth estimates that the total loss to date on the New York skyscrapers "undoubtedly approaches a billion dollars." The financiers haven't yet been stuck for the bill but, she notes, many who "overbuilt so prodigiously are seeing their equity positions wiped out, and as that happens, the overpermissive lenders who backed them may have to step up to the firing line and take title to structures now worth far less than they cost."

The *social* cost of these lumbering edifices is great, whether or not default actually occurs. They drain the capital market. Their high-rise construction is inefficient. They strain the city's resources. They are something less than hazard-free. And as James Marston Fitch pointed out a decade ago in his *American Building: The Historical Forces that Shaped It,* skyscraper life isolates its tenants from the streets and in so doing further atomizes the urban community. The increasingly poor residents of the cities confront increasingly glimmering towers of affluence with which they have no connection and over which they have no control. The city divides increasingly into hostile camps, further eroding urban conditions and hastening disintegration of the social fabric.

New York's problems may be so serious that the misuse of capital for construction of unneeded and socially destructive skyscrapers may by comparison seem only a minor social malady. Yet it signals what is surely at the roots of the New York mess—the diversion of capital from socially productive uses in the society—and it puts into context the self-righteous demands of the lenders and their agents that the city cut back services and slash payrolls. The contrast between misused private capital and the paucity of public funds was vividly demonstrated on July 21. While Mayor Beame and the meat cutters of Big Mac were reported in tentative agreement on firing some city workers and freezing or cutting the wages of others because the rich were reluctant to invest further in 9 per cent, tax-free Big Mac bonds, both *The New York Times* and the CBS *Evening News* ran generally favorable reports on two new Manhattan "super-luxury" (according to the *Times* writer's phrase) high rises whose apartments sell in the hundreds of thousands of dollars range: the residential-commercial Olympic Tower and Galleria. Functionally, the reports may have properly designated the two as monuments to the achievement of the American system of private investment and control. Yet, sitting as they do in a near-bankrupt, capital-starved city, where garbage only recently overflowed into the streets, where a substantial portion of the residents live in inadequate housing or lack jobs, where essential services are being reduced and city employees and their families frantically scramble in anticipation of the inevitable, wholesale firings, the two structures are towering critiques of that system's priorities, its method of control and allocation of resources and, in a germinal way, just what could be done if capital were channeled to serve the society's needs.

Model City

The best-run city in Italy and perhaps in all of Western Europe? It is Bologna, say many urbanologists, William Tuohy reports in the *Los Angeles Times.* He calls it a "city that works," which may seem an internally contradictory concept to many urban Americans. Bologna's streets are clean, Tuohy says. Busses are free during rush hour. City-center housing is being renovated for working-class residents (and not being destroyed to make way for high rises). "Miles of colonnaded sidewalks beckon the pedestrian." Parks abound. Growth has been halted at 500,000 (newcomers are settled in planned developments outside the city). A quarter of the municipal budget goes for schools. Government and health care are being decentralized. The administration? Communist, for the last thirty years.

Tuohy's account does not have to be taken whole-cloth, nor do the descriptions given by Mayor Renato Zangheri, an economics professor at the city's university. Bologna is about $500 million in debt (which some Bolognans, like some New Yorkers, blame on short-changing by the national government). Skeptics might say Bologna is a showcase city that does not necessarily prove the benefits of Communist government, Italian-style. But any way you want to look at it, the city makes an impressive case for planned, compassionate urbanology. If détente allows us show-biz link-ups of Russians and Americans in space, it should allow a trip to America for Mayor Zangheri and his colleagues. Residents of Beame's New York could use some help—as could frustrated urbanites throughout the nation.

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Union Scholarships

American unions will distribute tens of thousands of dollars in college scholarships this year, allocating funds raised from members' dues to national trade unions and state and city federations and locals. Amounts, numbers, selection processes and restrictions vary—some awards, for example, go only to children of members of the donor union, but all comprise authentic contributions to the cause of universal access to higher education in America.

With tuition costs at both public and private institutions inflating and many colleges forced by declining enrollments to cut their budgets and look increasingly for those students whose parents can afford to pay for schooling without aid, poor families are having an especially difficult time scraping up funds to send even financial-aid recipients through school. Working-class parents are being squeezed particularly hard. Their dollar incomes have been pushed upward by inflation but their purchasing power hardly keeps pace with higher prices. Since they usually don't qualify for as much aid as is needed, working-class parents with children pursuing post-secondary education often are saddled with expenditures they can ill afford.

As a result, according to a survey by Citibank cited recently in *The New York Times*, one in eight Americans says high costs have kept a family member out of college during the last six or seven years. Another study referred to by Gene Maeroff in a *Times* analysis of college costs and scholarships, this one by the U.S. Census Bureau, shows that college attendance in this country in one sampled year, 1973, was a direct function of class. In that year, only one-eighth of the college-age children of families with incomes below $3,000 annually were pursuing full-time, post-secondary education. For families with incomes between $5,000 and $7,500 just under a quarter of the children were enrolled. More than a third of those between $10,000 and $15,000 were in college or technical or occupational schools; of those above $15,000 more than half were full-time students.

In this context, the union scholarships begin to provide a needed corrective. The Air Line Pilots Association's four annual $1,000-a-year awards to the children of deceased or medically retired members; the Utility Workers Union of America's (AFL-CIO) two annual $1,500-a-year scholarships to sons and daughters of members; the California Labor Federation's (AFL-CIO) twenty-nine $500 awards this year (for which more than 1,300 students in the state competed and which were largely funded by the federation's constituent unions), and the two annual $500 scholarships offered each year to children of members by United Steelworkers of America, Local 1343, South Milwaukee, Wis.—these are just a few of the many generously contributed.

Post-secondary education should be free and, for those who want it, the opportunity universal. But since the federal government's priorities seem to be such that opportunity to attend is a function of class, union scholarships provide a commendable, independent alternative. They deserve encouragement—the combination of members' resources to fund the scholarships not only makes for a more educated citizenry; it reiterates, each time an award is given, the possibilities inherent in the organization of united workers.

THE ABORTION QUIZ

HYMAN RODMAN

Here are some questions for anyone concerned about abortion. But be careful how you answer, for the more confident you are, the more prejudiced you may show yourself to be.

(*1*) Dr. Edgar B. Keemer, Jr., who spent fourteen months in prison for performing an abortion in Detroit, is black. Dr. Henry Morgentaler, who is now in prison for an eighteen-month sentence for performing an abortion in Montreal, is Jewish. Dr. Kenneth C. Edelin, who was convicted in Boston of manslaughter and sentenced to one year's probation, is black. It is striking that minority group doctors are the ones tried and convicted for medical procedures that many doctors are carrying out. Perhaps someone knows why?

(*2*) One psychiatrist has written that he "has never seen a patient who has not had guilt feelings about a previous therapeutic abortion or illegal abortion." Another psychiatrist has written, "Never have I seen a case of genuine guilt or regret after abortion." This seems to represent a striking difference of opinion between two respected psychiatrists. Why such contradictory conclusions?

(*3*) Some people have charged that poor women and black women do not have access to birth control and abortion services. Others have charged that they are having birth control and abortion services foisted upon them for genocidal reasons. In *The Abortion Controversy*, a book of which I am co-author, we have shown that there is some evidence supporting both charges. How and why can these two contradictory charges be true?

(*4*) In January 1973, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that abortions are legal, except for some narrow restrictions that state legislatures may enact. This is now the law of the land. It allows each person to pursue his or her conscience on the question of abortion, and it allows each religious group to teach its moral position on abortion to its members. Some groups, however, not content to use moral persuasion with their members, are attempting to use political pressure to get a constitutional amendment passed to nullify the Court's decision. There is no chance that such an amendment will be passed. Yet pro-abortionists and anti-abortionists are wasting time and energy in the political arena that would be better spent in the moral arena. Perhaps someone can explain why?

(*5*) Many anti-abortionists continue to associate a positive position on abortion with Nazi morality, even though Nazi Germany had very strict laws against abortion. Has the time come to associate the anti-abortion posi-

Hyman Rodman is a senior research associate at the Merrill-Palmer Institute, Detroit, and co-author of the recently published The Abortion Controversy (*Columbia University Press*).

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tion with Nazi morality? Or should we drop the association as inflammatory and irrelevant? Why do anti-abortionists still cling to this weak argument?

(6) Anti-abortionists make use of dramatic pictures of childlike embryos and fetuses in order to highlight their position. They used such pictures effectively to bring about an anti-abortion vote on the referendum in Michigan in November 1972. Pro-abortionists are using dramatic pictures of badly deformed fetuses and of women who died of illegal abortions to highlight their position and win sympathy for their cause. Why must we continue to suffer this assault upon our senses?

(7) It has become impossible to believe what the militants on either side of the abortion controversy say. The same bit of evidence is twisted to support one person's anti-abortion stand and another person's pro-abortion stand. Every word and every argument in the abortion fight is suspect. Perhaps someone knows why?

'BRIBABLE SOCIALISM'

The Divine Right of Mrs. Gandhi

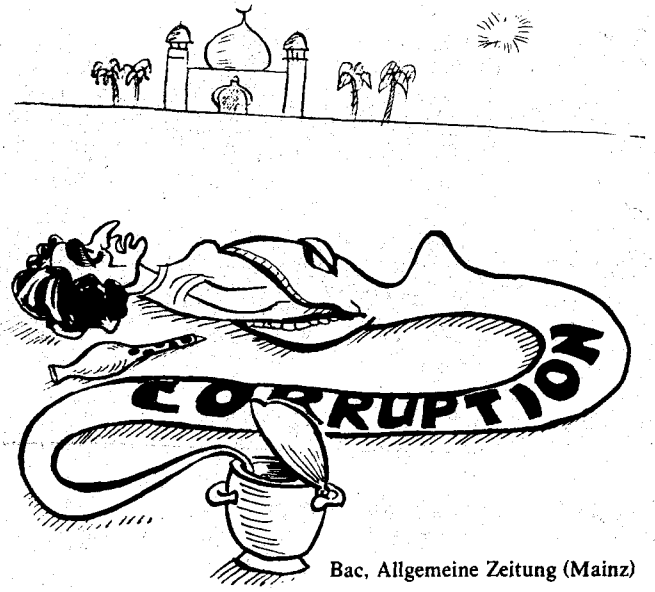
BERNARD D. NOSSITER

Ever since independence, the small but strategically placed India lobby in the U.S. foreign policy establishment has used a standard defense to explain away India's disastrous economic performance. This, so the story went, was the price paid for India's democracy. True, China had far outstripped India in relieving the material misery of its masses, but China, you see, was a rigid, authoritarian state, while India was the world's largest democracy.

Now that defense has been shattered; it was in any case an illusion, an unconvincing rope trick. Well before Mrs. Gandhi launched her one-person coup, democracy in India was a sickly plant. In the mud hut villages, where perhaps 80 per cent of the population live, the *panchayat* or ruling council was more often than not filled by inheritance rather than election. Despite a constitutional ban, the village structure was built on caste and the casteless Untouchables were nonpersons. A Harijan or Child of God (Mohandas Gandhi's unintentionally ironic name for Untouchables) who drank from a caste well or tried to raise his miserable wages risked a beating and even death.

India was supposed to be a federal democracy, but state governments that displeased Mrs. Gandhi did not long survive. Her local henchmen would stir up enough trouble to give her an excuse for imposing "President's Rule." That was the legal term for throwing a state government out of office and replacing it with a hand-picked ruler from Delhi. Indeed, state government was taken so lightly by its participants that I was once propositioned by a Socialist minister in Kerala. Mistaking *The Washington Post* for the CIA, he offered to pull his party out of a Communist-led coalition and thereby bring down the Kerala government for a mere 300,000 rupees, then about $40,000.

At the national level, Mrs. Gandhi could and often did ignore the Lok Sabha, the House of Commons. She has usually enjoyed a complaisant majority in the House, and its wild and rambunctious debates only strengthened her own authority. She could and did imprison her opponents without trial (Sheikh Abdullah, the now toothless "Lion of Kashmir," was the most notorious example). She could and did rule by decree.



Bac, Allgemeine Zeitung (Mainz)

But the real ruling power in India was and will continue to be money. Indian "socialism" has meant simply a complex system of licenses—permits to import raw materials, to spend foreign currency, to build plants, to set prices and much more. Every license has a price, and the funds enriched Mrs. Gandhi's followers and enabled her to win elections. Washington had always hoped India would be a model for the rest of Asia; as it turns out, Delhi's bribable socialism has been avidly copied in Africa.

Even India's once-free press exercised a cautious measure of self-imposed restraint, the publishers being ever aware that Mrs. Gandhi could cut down or cut off any paper's newsprint. Journalists themselves received subsidies, as an inducement to behave. So on really sensitive issues—the treatment of the Nagas and Mizos in the eastern hills, relations with Pakistan—the press spoke with one careful voice. Sometimes the control was more brutal. George Verghese, one of India's best newsmen and a former press secretary to the Premier herself, edited the *Hindustan Times* until his paper criticized Delhi's crude takeover of the tiny Himalayan kingdom of Sikkim. Mrs.

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Gandhi phoned K.K. Birla, the business tycoon and owner of the *Times*, and soon Verghese was no longer editor.

In Mrs. Gandhi's view, all of this would be irrelevant. She rules by divine right in a rigidly stratified society of caste. Her cousin, B.K. Nehru, former Ambassador to the United States and now High Commissioner in London, once explained to me the family's view of those over whom it presided. Nehru, then Governor of Assam, was having trouble with the Mizos, the Baptist-educated hill people who wanted a measure of autonomy. Sipping tea in the comfortable Governor's Palace, B.K. said: "You can't run a government along [Mohandas] Gandhian lines. I agree with Mao: power comes out of the end of a gun. There are times when you have to face things, kill and be killed. We came along, moralists that we are, and said we must administer these savages. It is probably a good thing to prolong the fighting. Let these people get tired of it."

Nobody in the West knows how many thousands of politicians, journalists, intellectuals and others Mrs. Gandhi has now imprisoned with her pre-dawn swoops on "savages" closer to home. Some of her victims, however, could be said (by Mrs. Gandhi, anyway) to have asked for it. For example, Morarji Desai, that frail old conservative who takes a perverse pleasure in self-denial, was in the late 1960s the only serious challenger to Mrs. Gandhi's leadership of the ruling Congress Party. Upright, cautious, he embodied some of the qualities of Mohandas Gandhi, to whom Indian leaders still pay spiritual lip service. So Mrs. Gandhi destroyed him by a trick, trapping him into an indefensible defense of his son's wheeling and dealing. She could hardly forgive him for her treachery, and Morarji must have known he would pay for her deed.

In much the same way, Jyoti Basu was marked for destruction. A fanatical but bright Communist of the non-Russian faction he was the brains behind a regime that was elected in West Bengal. There as elsewhere, Mrs. Gandhi removed the elected state government and imposed President's Rule by dubious devices. Basu kept reminding Mrs. Gandhi of her high-handedness. It was unforgivable behavior and should have insured him an early place among those tossed into jail, although there have been conflicting reports about his fate.

But the most outrageous of all was Jayaprakash Narayan, who had actually abandoned a promising political career for a life of genuine service. I first met him in Patna at the end of the great Bihar famine. J.P. was both astonishing and enraging local officials—good Congress Party men all—by distributing food to the starving without taking a rake-off. The prevailing view in government circles was that he was slightly mad. He continued to be an embarrassment in Bihar, that Mississippi of India, and, even worse, talked openly about the corruption of Mrs. Gandhi's regime. He was a standing reproach to The Lady, as she was often called, and asking for the imprisonment with which she obliged him.

Now there are no more embarrassments. Mrs. Gandhi can enjoy unquestioned power to the end of her days—or at least until the well-disciplined army decides to throw her out. That would be a matter of concern only to 600 million Indians, except for one inconvenient fact. Mrs. Gandhi has pushed India's scarce resources into the development of nuclear weapons and, thanks to its Soviet friends, will also have a system to deliver them. It would not necessarily be a dangerous development except for the fact that she, like her father, has imperial hankerings. He tried and failed to exercise them against China, and had to settle for a couple of defenseless Portuguese enclaves. His daughter has a better record. Besides gobbling up Sikkim, she launched a successful dismemberment of Pakistan (and was careful to deprive the military hero of that venture, Field Marshal Sam Manekshaw, of any future public role). Now, with atomic weapons in hand, she can give fuller scope to her appetites. Ceylon, what is left of Pakistan, Bangladesh, Bhutan and Nepal must all be uneasy. As for the miserable Indians, they are unlikely to find much solace in Mrs. Gandhi's next round of adventures. □

BIG BUSINESS AND THE LAW

CRACKING THE CORPORATE SHELL

CHRISTOPHER D. STONE

The uproar over corporate entanglement in politics—foreign and domestic—is nothing new. Reformers have been decrying the growth of corporate influence for at least a century. (There is a series of articles exposing "the drift of things"—"the corporate principle is daily extending"—in the 1887 *Harper's*.) Yet comparatively little has been done to stop the "drift." Why should this be so?

Part of the responsibility lies with the theoretical thinness of the corporate reform literature. It berates corporations, but does not take time to understand them. Neither the latest accounts of corporate crime nor the statistics of increasing concentration tell us what to do. Why is it that corporations always seem to elude the grasp of the mechanisms we have to control them?

There is no single answer. A full examination has to take into account the whole moral and social environment in which corporations operate, ranging from corporate influence on political processes to the reduced sense of responsibility that occurs when people are brought together into large institutional frameworks. Yet it is not an oversimplification to claim that the problems we face in controlling corporations today are the legacy of a historical oversight.

Early law questioned whether a corporation, a *persona*

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Conrad, Los Angeles Times

ficta, was conceptually capable of liability for wrongful acts. In terms of the existent social order, corporations were not the dominant actors but individual identifiable people, who trespassed, created nuisances, engaged in consumer frauds, and maimed one another. For these reasons the law developed rules and concepts reflecting contemporary notions about human beings—about what motivated, what steered, what was just toward *them*.

Later, as corporations became increasingly prevalent forms for social action, only rarely did the law meet them with appropriate adaptations. There having already grown up a body of law addressed to "persons," the corporation was eased into it in the simplest way possible: by ignoring, one by one, earlier qualms about whether the corporation ("that invisible, intangible, and artificial being," as Chief Justice Marshall had called it) could be a "person," too.

The few exceptions were almost entirely in shareholder-management relations, where the problems that arose were of a sort that could involve only corporations (on what grounds should dividends be compelled?) and where, therefore, there was no pre-existing rule into which each emerging situation could be fitted. It is important to remember that the specialized body of "corporation law" that so developed was concerned with defining and protecting the interests—increasingly complex—of the investor and officer rather than those of the corporation's customer, its neighbor or its fellow citizen. So far as the corporation was performing acts that, in theory, the ordinary mortal could perform—polluting the environment, producing injurious goods, setting prices (in other words, so far as it was dealing with the "outside world")—in those areas it was to be treated no differently from an individual.

Therefore, possible approaches to controlling corporations that would have taken special account of their special institutional character were not developed as they might have been. Even the most prominent pieces of federal legislation—the Interstate Commerce Act (1887), the Sherman Anti-Trust Act (1890), the Federal Trade Commission Act (1914)—viewed their quarry only as "big business," without the added insight that the problems involved complex organizations as well, and that remedying them might call for measures of a different sort which did not assume that the problems were caused by human beings who just happened to be especially large and powerful.

By this default of the imagination, we find ourselves today largely entrusting corporate control to two basic strategies that were developed around the law's assumptions about how to deal with ordinary people: (*1*) The first strategy, the prevalent counter-organizational measure, is simply to confront the corporation, as we confront the man in the street, with a negative profit contingency (a civil judgment, a criminal fine) should the organization wander outside the law—a threat, in other words, to the corporation's pocketbook. (*2*) The second fundamental strategy, invoked only in more limited instances, is to threaten certain "key" individuals within the company with monetary losses or even imprisonment if they command or allow a particularly outrageous course of conduct.

The Counter-Organizational Strategies

Our counter-organizational strategies rest upon the sort of "bad-bargain" analysis brought forward from critics like Bentham, and simply transferred to corporations without reflection. In this view, to stop a person from, say, stealing, the punishment must "fit the crime" in the sense in which a good bookkeeper will recognize that, when the likely gains are balanced against the likely losses, the prohibited activity is a "bad bargain." The problem is that the corporation is not a simple bookkeeper, the "rational economic man" writ large.

To the extent that the corporation is oriented toward expansion, prestige or the creation of an exciting internal environment, the law's profit threats are not even directed at the critical motivations. Then, too, the law and its contingent liabilities constitute only a small range of the threats that the corporation faces in dealing with the outside world. Corporate managers must be alert to the uncertainties of acquiring and losing personnel, dealing with suppliers, anticipating the "moves" of competitors, securing new sources of capital, and so forth. And of these, the law is not likely to occupy much of the businessman's attention. To the executive and his business community peer group, losing a lawsuit does not involve the same loss of face as does a new model that won't sell.

There is also a certain amount of economically nonrational behavior, especially in the calculation of legal threats, that stems from deeply rooted features of the organization itself. As corporations become more complex, they tend to subdivide into various departments: manufacturing and distribution, finance and sales. The further down the operational ladder one moves, the more the "profit goal" of the total organization (if there is one) takes the form of targets and objectives for the shop, the department and the plant. It is these "immediate" subgoals and objectives that determine the horizons and interests of the

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employees *there*; it is their fulfillment of them which will determine progress up the corporate ladder. The potential for future penalties—that is, the possibility that the controller of the corporation will some day have to write a check from corporate headquarters (perhaps five or six years thereafter, given the delays of litigation)—is merely a distant event to the life of the subgroup, barely a part of its reality.

Another problem with the law is that threats to the corporate treasury don't necessarily intimidate key personnel, who have the most influence over corporate policies. In 1972, for example, Ford Motor Co. got caught (because one of its computers finked) in probably the largest violation of the Environmental Protection Act to date. It—the company—ultimately paid out $7 million in fines and penalties. Yet, according to *Business Week*'s annual executive compensation survey, the second and third highest paid executives in the United States in that year were Ford Chairman Henry Ford II ($887,795, up 27.4 per cent over 1971) and Ford President Lee Iacocca ($873,852, up 27.1 per cent over 1971). Both went still higher in 1973. Did anyone really believe that their pay would be cut, or in any way impacted, because of such events? I am not aware of any successful movement by shareholders to oust or reduce the salaries of a major corporation's management in the wake of any lawsuit.

Measures Aimed at 'Key' Individuals

In view of the limited efficacy of counter-organizational strategies, it obviously makes sense to tailor the law so as to threaten directly "key" individuals within the organization. But even this type of strategy contains less promise than one might suppose—and may even, in some cases, do more harm than good. Ideally, one would want to apply legal pressure to people fairly high up in the corporate hierarchy; for it is they who wield the most concentrated power to effect a change in corporate direction. But most people at the highest levels spend their time on major investment and financial decisions, personnel and budget matters, and long-range policy planning. They can always claim, and usually fairly, that they "didn't know what was going on" in the day-to-day operations where so many corporation-caused problems originate. They are "protected," too, by a natural screening out of "bad news" that exists in every organization. Everyone simply "knows" that the executives above a certain level don't want to hear that tests on a promising new drug are producing cataracts in laboratory animals, or that a brake is burning out in trial runs, or that next year's model automobile has a tendency to roll over. As a result, responsibility in an enormously complex organization is difficult to establish even when we are using the term in its ordinary, moral sense. To assign responsibility *legally* is all the harder, especially in criminal actions, where the burden of proof lies with the prosecution.

Then, too, the higher the law looks in the corporate hierarchy, the more it runs into a series of sociological hurdles: in cases of "white-collar" crime, the prosecution finds itself trying to convict churchgoing, well-dressed, well-spoken community leaders—persons not apt to be judged harshly. Prison sentences are rare, and reserved for the headline-grabbing crimes only.

Fines and civil judgments are invoked more liberally than imprisonment, but one should not assume that the individual executive really bears the brunt of them. Indemnification is one way around the law: the company simply reimburses the officer (with the stockholders' money). Companies are increasingly taking out liability insurance to reimburse their officers and directors for the legal troubles they may fall into. And even in those cases in which such insurance is unavailable, how does one prevent a corporation from reimbursing an officer his $5,000 or $10,000 fine in other ways—by "bonuses" or delayed raises?

What Is Called For

We cannot rely upon threats to the organization as a whole, which allow the corporation to adjust, as *it* sees fit, according to *its* calculus of profits and losses. Nor can we count on threats to key individuals. We must augment such procedures with new ones, aimed at directly requiring the specific organizational variables critical to corporate direction.

Take for example the corporation's information net. What information the corporation seeks from its environment, where it looks for feedback (both within itself and without), where it dispatches what it learns, what it stores in memory, and what, for all intents and purposes, it "forgets" (or destroys)—all these processes are as fundamental to corporate behavior as the nervous system to the human body. Yet certain limited-purpose reporting requirements aside, we leave our corporations almost entirely free to gather, disseminate and shred whatever data they choose.

This need not be the case. We could well require, for example, that auto companies establish departments responsible for gathering data not only from their own test facilities but "out there" from sheriffs' records, coroners' reports, hospitals, auto repair shops, etc., for transmittal to the appropriate desks for action. Such structuring of the information pathways can reinforce considerably the effectiveness of the other legal strategies. If a statute or consent decree requires that some specified officer *must* report findings of a certain sort to the board, and if the minutes *must* reflect that the board was informed, there is no pleading later on that the members were ignorant of an impending problem.

It is striking how seldom the law imposes obligations upon corporate management structure. As a condition of enjoying the corporate privilege, the corporation must establish a board of directors; the law may require (from state to state) that there be a president, at least one vice president, and ordinarily a secretary and treasurer. But we do not go beyond that to insist upon the creation of designated medium-level and lower-level management positions. We allow a company that is operating a nuclear generator to decide, wholly on its own, whether to have an executive in charge of safety, and how high he should be placed in the management structure. Similarly, there is no legal requirement that companies in heavily polluting industries establish, say, a vice president for environmental affairs.

Of course, simply painting a name on a door is not enough. To make a position truly effective, there must be attached to it well-defined powers and duties, as well as an effective place in the organization.

The corporation should be required to investigate and publish findings prior to action that might have a significant effect on the environment, worker safety, public

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health, etc. We are beginning to turn to mechanisms such as environmental impact statements to restrain and direct public agencies; yet we only rarely impose similar obligations upon corporations—our "private governments." Impact statements may be useful even when they do not preclude proposed actions. Consider, for example, the problem of detergents and their effects on natural waterways. Had we required impact statements from the soap companies and been forewarned of the dangers, then municipalities would have had a head start in devising anti-detergent technology, legislatures in drafting appropriate legislation, law-enforcement agencies in knowing what to monitor.

None of these measures should be invoked too freely. In each case, one must weigh the costs, as well as the benefits, of encouraging one set of bureaucracies to tamper with another. But such selective "intrusions" into corporate structure might provide substance for the "corporate social responsibility" movement that is now gaining impetus.

In 1973, there was a failure of a key safety device in Southern California Edison Co.'s San Onofre nuclear reactor. When the story broke, the *Los Angeles Times* revealed that although Edison has its own nuclear engineers, they had made no attempt to verify the accuracy of the manufacturer's (Westinghouse's) data. Under cross-examination, an Edison supervising engineer admitted that he had not even read "the relevant and controversial studies on emergency cooling." This is, in corporations, the very sort of behavior that we would condemn as "irresponsible" in an individual: complete failure to recognize and be accountable for the effects of his actions on those around him. But mere demands for "corporate responsibility" are not going to reduce such behavior. We must stop trying to control the corporation indirectly from outside, and develop specific impositions on the corporation's traditionally private inner world. □

JUAN VALDEZ EXPOSED

THE WORLD POLITICS OF COFFEE

PENNY LERNOUX

Bogota

Juan Valdéz, Colombia's well-scrubbed television image of the cheerful coffee farmer, has little in common with the illiterate, undernourished peasants who actually grow the coffee in Colombia. Living in squalid adobe huts, six or more persons to a room, the coffee growers coax a precarious living from 3 or 4 acres of coffee trees. The work is arduous, for every coffee berry must be hand-picked, a dawn-to-dusk family labor that includes mother and children. At the end of the harvest, when the beans are removed from the berries and left to dry in the sun, there is little to show for all that labor. Because coffee is so cheap and the plantings so small, the average coffee grower's annual income is only $410.

Yucca and plantains are sometimes grown on the coffee farms, but for the most part these families depend on the sale of coffee beans for their food and clothing. Malnutrition and gastroenteritis are endemic in these protein-starved regions, where one out of six children dies before the age of 5 and two-thirds of the survivors are undernourished. Few complete more than one year of primary school. As elsewhere in Latin America, poverty's frustrations encourage alcoholism: what little income there is goes to buy cheap *aguardiente* or rum.

But poor as the Colombians may be, they are better off than the Angolan coffee plantation workers or the Brazilian migrant laborers who do not even own the land they farm. Though the world's second most valuable commodity after oil, coffee is the product of poverty: most of the 20 million people who depend on it for a livelihood in Latin America, Africa and Asia are as impoverished as the real-life Juan Valdéz.

As the world's largest consumer of coffee, the United States effectively controls the international market, insisting on prices that are ruinous to the economies of forty-two developing nations. How much the U.S. housewife actually profits from the impoverishment of these countries is debatable; most evidence suggests that the biggest gainers are the five multinationals that control coffee distribution. It is also questionable whether cheap coffee benefits the U.S. economy as a whole, since there is a direct relationship between coffee prices and the amount of U.S. exports the coffee countries can buy. Moreover, the political unrest in the developing nations that often follows a decline on the coffee market can have serious political implications for the United States, particularly in Latin America. But more important than these political and economic considerations is the reality of human suffering. As the single largest source of employment in the developing world, coffee merits more understanding and concern in the United States than the "benign neglect" of the State Department.

Although the United States historically has been indifferent to the coffee countries' plight, there was a brief period during the 1960s when Washington showed some interest in their social and economic problems. Much of it stemmed from Castro's revolution in Cuba and the fear that similar upheavals might occur elsewhere in the hemisphere. With sixteen Latin American countries dependent on coffee exports, the United States began to worry about the political implications of violent swings in coffee prices. Susceptible to leaf-rust disease and frost, coffee production has been a boom-or-bust business ever since the first tree was planted in Latin America in 1723. The constant ups and downs from scarcity to overproduction played havoc with the economies of the forty-two producing countries,

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one-third of which depend on coffee exports for 25 to 81 per cent of foreign earnings. Brazil and Colombia, the world's largest producers, nearly collapsed in the coffee crash of the late 1950s. An international marketing mechanism was therefore deemed a necessary complement to the Alliance for Progress, and in 1962 the International Coffee Agreement (ICA) was set up under the aegis of the State Department and hailed by President Kennedy as a "heartening example of international cooperation."

Composed of seventeen consumer and forty-two producer nations, the ICA was hardly "a masked form of foreign aid," as the U.S. General Accounting Office claimed, because in the ten years that the pact functioned none of the producers made a profit at the consumers' expense. On the contrary, average ICA coffee prices were lower than those of the previous nonpact decade. Moreover, real prices in terms of dollar purchasing power fell by 29 per cent. The price of a jeep, for example, was 124 sacks of coffee two decades ago; now it is 344. Compared to cola drinks, which jumped 110 per cent in price between 1963 and 1973, or to the U.S. consumer price index for all goods and services, which went up 56 per cent, or to the food index which increased by 51 per cent, coffee rose a moderate 36 per cent. Nevertheless, the ICA was a gesture of good will by the industrialized world because it did stabilize the wildly fluctuating market, allowing the governments of producing countries, for the first time in memory, to plan ahead with some assurance of economic stability. So while there was no bonanza of the sort that occurred in the early 1950s, there were no devastating crashes in which the price of coffee could fall by 50 per cent.

Administered by the International Coffee Organization (ICO) in London, the pact operated on a system of quotas assigned to the producing nations on the basis of the previous year's harvest. Certificates of origin enabled the consumer nations to police the producers, and although there was always a certain amount of under-the-table dealing, such as reshipment of coffee through third countries outside the pact, or just plain smuggling, the ICA by and large did live up to its original goal of international cooperation.

However, by the end of the decade, the United States had lost interest in Latin America, and what had been conceived as a useful economic instrument with politically important overtones was allowed to drift into the murky waters of powerful U.S. lobbies. Because the U.S. Congress must approve membership in the ICA, the pact came under strong pressure from Congressmen representing special-interest groups that found themselves in conflicts with the coffee countries. Brazil was the first to be called on the carpet—for "unfair competition" in the instant coffee market. Brazilian companies had managed to capture 14 per cent of the U.S. market by using cheap labor and broken coffee beans, which are unsalable on the world market. U.S. manufacturers claimed this was unfair competition because they were processing instant coffee from the more expensive whole beans. Since soluble coffee weighs only one-third as much as beans, broken or whole, the Brazilians also saved on shipping. Brazilian solubles were a bargain for the U.S. consumer but a loss to U.S. manufacturers.

The importers naturally wanted to protect their interests, but the Brazilian solubles were deemed unfair competition only because the companies making them were Brazilian, not U.S. subsidiaries. Similar objections have never been raised in other producing nations where U.S. subsidiaries process instant coffee with labor and raw materials that are just as cheap.

As in many other instances in the developing world, the Brazilians had been encouraged by U.S. aid programs to develop this new competitive industry, only to find that the hand that gives invariably takes away as soon as U.S. business interests feel the challenge. Thus U.S. soluble coffee manufacturers persuaded Congress to threaten a suspension in aid and an end to the coffee pact unless the competition ceased.

The question that arises from such tactics is whether U.S. aid policies should be tailored to benefit specific U.S. business interests. Coffee is not the only beverage drunk in the United States, where tea importers and cola manufacturers are in strong competition with the coffee roasters. Why, then, should Congress intervene on behalf of one sector of the beverage industry? In essence, it means that the U.S. taxpayer's money is being manipulated to resolve the economic problems of individual U.S. companies, an intervention that benefits neither the U.S. consumer nor the U.S. competitors of these companies.

Heavily dependent on U.S. aid and fearful for the ICA's future, the Brazilians in 1968 imposed an export tax on instant coffee which made the broken beans as expensive in Brazil as whole beans in the United States. Brazil also agreed to sell the United States a quota of 560,000 bags per year (one bag contains 132 pounds) of its best coffee at the same prices paid by Brazilian manufacturers. The *coup de grâce* was a U.S. ruling which effectively limits Brazilian instant coffee exports to 15 per cent of the U.S. market.

Not satisfied with having strong-armed the Brazilians on the instant coffee issue, Congress then took up the question of fishing rights. Led by Wilbur Mills, the then powerful chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee (whose Argentine connections had not yet been revealed), Congress again threatened to reject the coffee pact unless

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the Brazilians reduced their 200-mile fishing limit. One of ten Latin American nations with a 200-mile limit, Brazil has never employed the violent tactics of Peru and Ecuador, which seize any unauthorized foreign vessel caught fishing within these limits. But because Brazil had capitulated on the instant coffee issue in 1968, it was assumed that similar threats would work three years later when a disagreement arose over the presence of unlicensed U.S. shrimp boats in Brazilian waters. The yearly shrimp catch in debate was a mere $25 million, yet for this sum Congress was willing to jeopardize the $2.5 billion annual world coffee trade.

A compromise was worked out under a system of licensing, and today the United States is coming full circle by establishing its own 200-mile limit. Yet the aftertaste of such a politically unsavory mixture as coffee and fish still lingers in Latin America, particularly in Brazil, whose experience of "intolerable economic pressures" has made it the most aggressive coffee-producing nation in the current conflict with the consumer countries.

The hostility that has wrecked the ICA also began in 1971, when the industrialized nations devalued the dollar by 8.57 per cent. Because all coffee sales are in dollars, this decision immediately reduced the purchasing power of the coffee-producing nations, which had already been eroded by the drop of real prices in relationship to the cost of manufactured imports. The producing nations therefore asked for a 4-cent increase per pound of coffee to offset the devaluation. At the time of this request, Colombian milds, the most expensive coffee, were fetching 50 cents a pound. (There are four categories of coffee: Colombian milds, Central American milds, Brazilian unwashed milds and African robustas, the average price difference between categories being 5 cents.)

Possibly the U.S. housewife would not have noticed the difference in price, but it meant millions of dollars to the producing countries. Colombia, for example, loses or gains $10 million a year every time there is a 1-cent change in the price of coffee, yet for 4 cents the United States was willing to scuttle the coffee agreement.

While the European nations were prepared to negotiate an increase, the United States, backed by Canada, refused to countenance any compensation. Since voting power in the ICA is determined by the amount of coffee that member nations export or import, the United States, consuming 37.3 per cent of world exports, is in a position to veto any proposition, and this veto power is strengthened by Congress' refusal to renew membership in the ICA except for one or two years at a time. Consequently, U.S. opposition was sufficient to prevent any price rise. "The consumer countries offer us economic aid only when we agree to sell our coffee cheaply," commented Arturo Gomez Jaramillo, head of the Colombian Coffee Growers Federation and one of the world's most experienced coffee negotiators. "We believe the best aid is to pay us a just price for the product."

Prior to the dollar devaluation, quotas for the 1970-71 coffee year (October-September) had been set at 56 million bags, or 6.2 million bags more than the amount authorized for 1969-70, again under pressure from the United States. The producing nations had asked for a quota of 48.8 million bags in the hope that this might force a small price rise. Annual world consumption averages 56 million bags, and when export quotas are substantially lower, prices tend to rise. Under the ICA controls, prices varied within a stated minimum and maximum, depending on the size of the quotas negotiated and natural disasters such as frost or disease.

Faced with the U.S. negative, the world's four biggest coffee growers that account for 66 per cent of production—Brazil, Colombia, the Ivory Coast and Portugal acting for Angola—met in Bogota in March of 1972 to devise a scheme to force a compensation for the dollar devaluation by holding down exports to 48.8 million bags. At a subsequent meeting in Geneva, eight other producers joined the big four in what came to be known as the Geneva Group with control of 80 per cent of world production. Reaction in the consumer countries was predictably antagonistic, the United States claiming that the Geneva Group was "manipulating" prices and that under such circumstances there could be no possibility of negotiating another coffee pact.

Events have since shown these charges to be unfounded because there is no way that the producers can manipulate prices. True, the cost of coffee rose in 1972 and all through 1973 to hit 78 cents a pound for Colombian milds in mid-1974, the highest in two decades, but this was less the result of a producers' union than of two consecutive frosts in Brazil, drought in Africa and port strikes in the United States. By mid-1973 world reserves had dwindled to dangerously low margins. For example, Brazil, which usually holds the largest stocks, had in reserve only 15 million bags of dubious quality, compared to earlier stocks of 66 million bags.

All through the euphoria of 1973, the leaders of the largest coffee-producing countries continued to press for renewal of the world pact (it expired in September 1973). Angered by the producers' temporarily successful independence, the United States, West Germany and other consumer countries replied that there was no longer any need for an international agreement, since the natural law of supply and demand had achieved the higher prices earlier sought by the producers. Privately, however, Department of Agriculture officials argued that it was only a matter of time before the producers broke ranks and self-imposed discipline to plant more coffee to take advantage of higher prices, with the inexorable swing of the pendulum from scarcity to oversupply. Once the market was flooded with coffee and prices had plummeted, the United States would be glad to negotiate a new pact.

Meanwhile, the most that the United States would agree to was a protocol maintaining the ICA's framework but with no quotas or economic controls. Between 1973, when the first of two one-year agreements was signed, and April of this year, the ICA was simply a debating society where producers and consumers periodically met to agree to disagree. "All these negotiations are like a type of minuet in which we continue to dance around each other, achieving progress at the pace of centimeters," complained a weary South American delegate.

Left to their own devices, the producing nations had no alternative but to strengthen their fledgling union by forming a coffee cartel. "What were we supposed to do? Sit back and twiddle our thumbs while the speculators on

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Wall Street had a field day?" demanded Gomez Jaramillo. In February 1973, the big four launched the Paris-based World Coffee, Ltd., with an initial capital of $115 million and the power to negotiate up to $100 million in purchases and sales. At the same time, Mexico, with the support of Venezuela, Colombia and Brazil, was trying to bring the most undisciplined producers, the Central Americans, into a complementary quasi-cartel called Central American Mild Coffees. The interlocking cartels held considerable promise, on paper at least; the problem, of course, is that coffee is not oil. Although the coffee union has shown the most imagination and discipline of the various commodity cartels spawned in the shadow of OPEC, it has neither the economic nor the political weight of a strategic, nonrenewable resource.

Petroleum can be turned off and on or simply left in the ground, but ungrown coffee has no capital value, and if it is stored it starts to deteriorate after three years. More important, it is a labor-intensive industry composed of millions of small producers, many of whom either lack the education to understand why controls are necessary to maintain a balance of supply and demand or simply ignore them. But finally, what makes coffee so vulnerable is that it is not a necessity. No matter how often Juan Valdéz appears on U.S. television screens, he cannot arrest the downward slide in consumption. In 1975 Americans drank only 2.3 cups of coffee a day, compared to 3.12 in 1962, primarily because of a change in habits. The younger generations prefer other beverages, and in the hustle-bustle of the space age there is less time to dawdle over several cups of coffee. Increased consumption in Western Europe, the Socialist countries and Japan compensates somewhat for the decline in the United States, but as the coffee producers themselves admit, there is a limit to world coffee consumption, no matter how much money is spent on expensive promotion. At the current rate of production, there will be an excess of 27 million bags in 1981.

Brazil and Colombia, which were the most badly hurt during previous periods of oversupply, therefore made a herculean effort to hold the producers together under the cartel's umbrella all through 1973 and 1974. For example, the two countries helped finance the purchase of a million bags of Central American coffee in the New York market in early 1974 in order to strengthen prices and shipped the bags to World Coffee's warehouses in Trieste to reduce the cost of storage in the United States. Meanwhile, Venezuelan President Carlos Andres Pérez met with his Mexican and Colombian colleagues to work out some formula for shoring up the Central American market. Badly hurt by the energy crisis, the Central Americans were forever breaking ranks, selling coffee to all comers. Oil-rich Venezuela therefore agreed to lend Central American Mild Coffees $80 million to help the Central Americans retain stocks. Brazil and Colombia also offered to extend a $115-million credit to the shaky cartel.

With the help of the Ivory Coast, Latin Americans managed to get all the producers together at meetings in London and El Salvador last fall at which it was agreed that they should hold back 10 per cent of the 1973-74 crop and 20 per cent of this year's crop. Camilo Calasans Magalhaes, head of the Brazilian Institute of Coffee, pledged that Brazil alone would retain 3.6 million bags of the estimated 12-million-bag reserve.

These efforts had a salutary effect, and prices rebounded in October with nervous importers stockpiling. The Brazilian-Colombian plan was to limit exports to 48.8 million bags in 1975, forcing the importers and roasters to supply from their own reserves the 7-million-bag difference necessary to meet world demand. The goal was to maintain the floor price at 65 cents for African robustas.

The plan might have worked had the producers had sufficient financial resources, but what with the energy crisis and the deepening world recession, most of the countries were suffering severe balance-of-payments problems. Severo Gomez, Brazil's Minister of Commerce and Industry, later admitted that "we just do not have the means to stop a decline in the international price of coffee." Agreed Gomez Jaramillo: "World Coffee does not have enough money to corner the market." To carry out their strategy, the producers would have had to find the means to store 12 million bags from the 1975 crop in addition to 5.5 million bags held over from 1973-74. Moreover, roasters and other buyers had increased stocks to a high of 7 million bags. Given this year's bountiful harvest, with 58.1 million bags for export, the lack of discipline among the smaller producers and the cost of storage, it is easy to understand why the Brazilian-Colombian plan failed. Not surprisingly, prices once again began to fall in the new year.

The coffee cartel's problems underline the difficulties of most other producer unions. The Ecuadorians, for example, have refused to support the Central Americans' banana cartel precisely because they do not want to repeat Brazil's unhappy experience. No sooner had the Latin Americans bought the million sacks of Central American coffee to support prices than El Salvador, representing a syndicate of Central American producers, dumped another 400,000 bags on the New York market. Brazil, which shouldered the bulk of the Central American purchase, not only lost $40 million on the deal but also the opportunity to market its own coffee under more favorable conditions.

Of course, El Salvador has always been a maverick among producers, refusing to observe quotas or support a producers' union, but other Central American nations such as Nicaragua have also been guilty of infringements. Venezuela has since tried to discipline the Salvadorians by refusing to release Salvadorian stocks stored in Europe with Venezuelan money, but that is only a stopgap. For that matter, most of the smaller African producers take no heed of the Ivory Coast's urgings to control production and exports.

Even the big traditional producers are guilty of marketing tactics that play into the hands of the importers. Both Brazil and Colombia were offering New York buyers sizable rebates of approximately 10 per cent under the published price, either in coffee or credit notes for future purchases. Calasans de Magalhaes ordered this stopped in early 1974 to give the producers more leverage, but by September the Brazilian Coffee Institute was once again trying to negotiate discount deals. The Colombians, for their part, miscalculated what market conditions would be in 1975 and cleaned out most of their stocks in 1974, thereby increasing the importers' reserves and depressing this year's prices. "The truth is that our efforts had no effect whatsoever," complained a disgruntled Brazilian cof-

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fee negotiator. "There is nothing left for us but the way of the penitents," added a Colombian coffee economist.

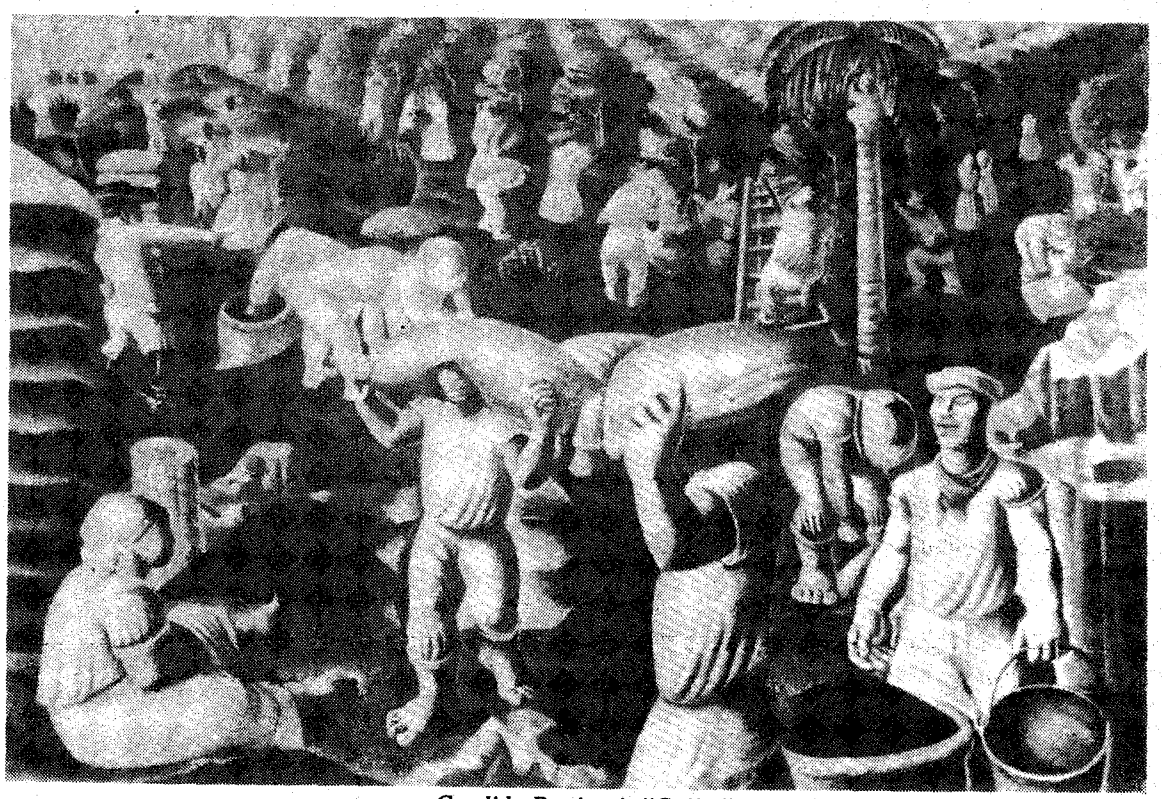
The way leads back to London where the urging of Africans, Brazilians and Colombians brought forth a plan to offer the United States. With a buyer's market, the United States expressed willingness to negotiate, and a new coffee pact was virtually assured at a recent meeting of producers and consumers. "The car is beginning to move again," said John Ingersoll, the United States' confident chief negotiator. Although the producers were severely chastised, the Brazilian-Colombian plan tenaciously clung to the source of the original conflict in the ICA—the relationship between coffee prices and the dollar's purchasing power. At a London meeting last April, the first serious work session in three years, the Latin Americans proposed a well-defined program that included acceptable starting prices and a 10-million-bag reserve as a buffer stock to stabilize supply. The equalizer in the plan was an automatic mechanism for parity prices which would go into effect as soon as a new agreement was signed. Thus the price of coffee would follow the price of manufactured goods, allowing for such monetary dislocations as dollar devaluations and European inflation, and maintaining, so to speak, the ratio of sacks of coffee to jeeps or tractors. The Latin Americans are also asking the industrialized countries to share the $700-million burden of financing the 10-million-bag reserve.

In contrast to the Latin American proposal, which seeks automatic price and quota mechanisms over a five-year period, the United States' counter-offer is pure *laissez faire,* with prices and quotas to be renegotiated annually during a three-year pact and no guarantee that the U.S. Congress will not hold renewal in the ICA as a club over the producing countries. Ingersoll also said that Congress was unlikely to agree to help finance the 10-million-bag reserve "in the current economic climate and with the U.S. public's resentment against oil and other raw material producers."

For the time being at least, the coffee countries have little choice but to accept most of the U.S. proposals since there is no other means of renewing the ICA. Brazil and Colombia have agreed in principle to the United States' insistence on a flexible coffee pact in the hope that the International Coffee Organization will be given sufficient authority to allow for small annual price increases to offset devaluation and inflation in the industrialized world. But annual negotiations of quotas and prices will be "very tough," as Gomez Jaramillo admits. The producers may also go forward with plans to create a buffer stock through mandatory retentions which at least "will have the advantage of teaching the Central Americans some discipline," as one Brazilian coffee specialist points out.

In acceding to U.S. demands, the coffee producers have not given up the hope that the consumer countries eventually will recognize—or be forced to accept—their demand for automatic price indexing. "The Americans and the Europeans have a holy horror of the idea of parity prices and any system of monetary correction or indexation," says Carlos Lleras Restrepo, former Colombian President and an expert on coffee. "It is an unfounded horror, however. It simply is not possible to continue working solely on the basis of dollar prices when the relationship between this currency and those of the other great consumer markets has been subject to severe modifications and constant fluctuations and when the terms of trade [for the coffee countries] are continually deteriorating."

But the industrialized countries' fear is in fact well-founded, because if they accept the principle for coffee, they can expect similar demands for other raw materi-



Candido Portinari: "Coffee"

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als from the developing countries. That is a situation the United States in particular is eager to avoid. As long as there is no mechanism to compensate the developing countries for their loss of purchasing power, the rich nations can continue to buy cheap, sell dear, and maintain their standard of living at the expense of the developing world. Millions of dollars in foreign aid continue to flow into the developing countries, but in reality such aid is a harmful sop that only pushes the developing countries into deeper debt. As Tolstoy pointed out long ago, it is not enough to say how sorry one is for sitting on a man's back. The only way to lighten his load is to get off.

How long it will be possible to force the developing nations to carry this load is open to question. If left entirely to their own defenses, the coffee countries would forever be at the mercy of the industrialized world, but there is one ace that the consumer countries do not hold, and that is petroleum. Both Iran and Venezuela, the world's second and third largest petroleum exporters, are firmly committed to the idea that there can be no negotiations with the industrialized world on the question of energy that do not include a better deal for other raw materials. At the last international energy conference held in Paris in April, the four OPEC representatives (Algeria, Iran, Saudi Arabia and Venezuela) formed a common front with representatives of developing countries that are oil consumers (Brazil, India and Zaïre) to reject an agenda proposed by eleven industrialized oil importers which emphasized oil instead of a "forum for the discussion of a new world economic order."

As the world's second most important commodity, coffee obviously would figure prominently in any international discussion of raw materials. Although prospects for an early global forum on the subject are not promising, at least the implications for the future are clear: no coffee, no oil.

Unlike OPEC, the coffee producers have never used threats to achieve political or economic concessions, since such behavior would be counterproductive. But like the oil nations, the coffee growers take strong exception to the assumption made in the industrialized world that whenever any conflict arises, it is the fault of the commodity cartels, such as they are. The enormous profits reaped by the oil companies during the Arab petroleum embargo made many U.S. consumers skeptical of industry claims. The wonder is that these same consumers are not similarly skeptical about other multinationals. United Brands, for example, which recently was caught in a $1.2-million bribe to Honduran officials, was among the first to challenge the fledgling banana cartel's attempt to raise prices by a little more than a cent a pound. The full increase was never uniformly enforced because United Brands and Standard Fruit so knocked the Central American economies about. But when the dust had settled, the U.S. housewife was paying nearly one-third more for bananas.

Whatever Americans pay for coffee, they can be sure that a large chunk of their money goes to one of the five roasters that control the U.S. market, the two biggest being General Foods and Folgers. With four other roasters in Europe, they dominate 85 per cent of the world consumer market (General Foods alone buys 10 million to 12 million bags a year). "The North Americans immediately become alarmed when the producing countries take certain elemental and incomplete steps to introduce some order in supply," said Lleras Restrepo. "But on the other hand, they never think to examine the process of concentration which is continuously more pronounced among the importing firms. The governments of these countries have never thought about impeding this process to avoid the possibility of monopolistic practices harmful to both consumer and producer."

With few exceptions, most of the instant and freeze-dried coffee plants in the producing countries are subsidiaries of the big roasters. In the Ivory Coast, for example, all of the processing is controlled by such foreign firms as Nescafé and SIFCA-OR Brun. The majority of the coffee is still sent unprocessed in bags to local ports where the producing countries' responsibility—and profits—end. Shipping, insurance, processing, distribution and sales are controlled by the consumer countries and naturally all these profits accrue to them. The coffee trade in the United States, for instance, generates $4.5 billion in annual wages and income for 624,000 people employed in various aspects of the business. When the coffee has been processed and reshipped to the producing nations, the same steps are repeated, with the industrialized nations again controlling shipping and distribution, so that in the end they retain most of the profits.

Wherever the U.S. consumer's best interests lie, Washington is committed to those of the roasters, not so much because that is a clearly defined policy as because the State Department has no time for coffee. The State Department continues to be a one-man show and that one man spends all his time on crises in Southeast Asia and the Middle East. United States diplomats complain that they are getting nowhere in Latin America because Kissinger will not delegate sufficient authority to let them hold meaningful talks with the Latin Americans. Having entertained a stream of Under Secretaries, the Latin Americans are by now fed up with explaining their problems to people who can do nothing for them back in Washington.

Nowhere is "benign neglect" more evident than in the coffee talks. Of all the issues concerning Latin America, coffee is the most crucial. Other questions, such as a lifting of sanctions against Cuba or a reorganization of the Organization of American States, pale by contrast. It is not simply a question of haggling over a 1- or 4-cent price difference, however, but of "negotiating a philosophy of development," as a Colombian Senator puts it.

Such negotiations were possible in the past when the United States was more concerned about its neighbors, but today "there is no political will to compromise," as Gomez Jaramillo points out. "In the past," says Lleras Restrepo, "such problems as these were not always left in the hands of underlings subject to the pressures of the great importing houses but merited the personal attention of the Secretaries of State and Commerce. Why has this practice not been revived? Or does Washington think that a 'low-profile' policy also should be applied to such a delicate issue as coffee?"

Neither Gomez Jaramillo nor Lleras Restrepo sees any advantage in a conflict between consumers and producers, for they are locked together in the trade cycle. Much of the foreign exchange generated by coffee exports returns to the United States for purchases by the producing countries.

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More than 16 per cent of U.S. exports go to the coffee countries in annual sales valued at more than $6 billion. If these countries do not obtain a reasonable price for their coffee, they must reduce their imports of U.S. goods. As Kissinger himself recently admitted, "Latin America's markets are becoming as important to our own continued growth as its raw materials."

Without an international agreement to establish fair prices, the producers will go round and round in the circle of inflation and poverty. A reduction in coffee production obviously is the key to their problem, but that is possible only within a solid economic framework. Several countries have reduced dependence on coffee exports, most notably Colombia, which has cut coffee's proportion of foreign earnings from 71 per cent in 1960 to 50 per cent today; and Brazil, from 56 to 40 per cent. Both countries have been relatively successful in diversifying into nontraditional exports, but their infant industries need time and money to put down roots.

Often, coffee lands are unsuitable for anything else except cattle grazing, but cattle grazing is not a labor-intensive occupation. To support coffee growers on even a subsistence living, both Brazil and the Ivory Coast have been forced to buy and burn their crops. In 1968, the Ivory Coast destroyed 100,000 tons of unsalable coffee, more than a third of its annual production.

The Colombian Coffee Growers Federation has developed some promising diversification programs using coffee lands to grow flowers and raise poultry. Having built its own freeze-dried coffee plant without any outside help, it is now experimenting with freeze-dried tropical fruit juices in the belief that these products have enormous export potential. Foreign technicians agree that new labor-intensive industries served by agro-industrial centers such as a freeze-dried pineapple juice plant could contribute to a solution of the coffee growers' problems, while increasing their income and gaining the country a new source of foreign exchange. However, such projects cost money to develop, and if coffee is not fetching a reasonable price on the international market, the coffee federation lacks the funds to support diversification.

Nor is it only a question of the coffee growers' plight. A slide in world prices means that the developing countries have less money to spend on schools, hospitals, roads, housing and other infrastructure serving the entire population. It also means the addition of another spiral in the poverty-population cycle. As Colombian President Alfonso Lopez Michelsen points out, poverty begets more children and more children beget more poverty. On the other hand, the more education the population receives, the slower the population growth. His theory is borne out by the declining birth rate in Colombian cities, where there are greater educational opportunities, in contrast to the illiterate countryside where the population is exploding at the rate of 3.4 per cent per year. The annual income from a 1-cent increase in the price of coffee, or $10 million, will build hundreds of schools in Colombia—and in all the coffee-producing nations.

Up in the Andean coffee hills where electricity, running water and sewage facilities are rare, a school is a precious thing. Thin, dark children will walk 5 miles or more a day just to reach the simple, one-room structure where a teacher shows them how to write their names. Back home in the adobe hut, younger brothers and sisters with extended bellies scratch in the earth for dirt to eat. Coffee has no nutritional value. For these peasants it is worth only as much as it can buy in food and clothing. And because it buys so little, it is a bitter brew, the taste of poverty and human suffering. □

PRESS CRISIS IN FRANCE

LANCE TAPLEY

Paris

Paris has a newspaper crisis. The biggest morning paper, *Le Parisien Libéré*, has been struck since May 7. The prestigious *Le Figaro*, the city's oldest daily, was struck for twenty-four hours July 1 in a dispute that is far from resolved. Three times during the past three months all the Paris papers together were struck for twenty-four-hour periods. The chances look good for more strikes, and strikes represent only one of the problems of the Paris press. Journalists and politicians are making gloomy predictions about the future of the city's newspapers and of freedom of the press.

The Paris papers are in a lot of financial trouble, but the crisis is not simply economic. The strike at *Le Parisien Libéré* is over cutbacks of personnel, but it has posed an important noneconomic question that is also being asked in discussions of the *Figaro* conflict: what are the rights of various groups within a newspaper? This question often leads to another question being vigorously debated in France: what are the rights of various groups within any enterprise?

The question of the rights of various groups within a newspaper is the same that a number of French journalists have been asking in connection with Portugal's *Republica* affair, and the parallel has not been lost on the French. *Republica* is the Lisbon newspaper that was shut down for seven weeks because of a feud over its content between Socialist editors and pro-Communist printers. On July 10 it resumed publication under the management of Portugal's military government. The Paris newspapers have been running stories about *Republica* in prominent positions on their front pages. Increasingly the *Republica* stories have been run in tandem with articles containing charges and countercharges among various political elements about who has been doing what to the freedom of the French press. The French press crisis and the *Republica* affair

Lance Tapley, a free-lance writer living in New York, is working on a book about the possibilities for radical change in American journalism.

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have restimulated a debate over the assumptions under which newspapers are operated. This debate has been going on in France since the war.

In the United States this debate is not often heard, although during the past five years it could be detected faintly within the Newspaper Guild, in the pages of (*MORE*), the journalism review, and at (*MORE*)'s boisterous get-togethers for journalists, the A.J. Liebling Counter-Conventions—named for the late *New Yorker* press critic who wrote that the freedom of the press belongs to the man who owns one. It is widely accepted among American newspaper men and women that the owner is the final authority on almost everything except wage scales and, for that matter, only a small percentage of American newspapers are unionized. Among European journalists, however, there are adherents of two ideas opposed to the unlimited authority of the owners.

First there is the notion that papers should not be run as are other businesses. The major newspapers are public services, the argument goes, and should have editorial policies and staffs insulated from the political and commercial interests of their owners. Not surprisingly, this idea tends to be expressed most strongly by editorial staffers. Then there is the philosophy of industrial democracy—worker control—which maintains that enterprises should be run by all the employees of the enterprises. This idea tends to be most strongly expressed by unionists. It is an important tenet of contemporary European Socialist thought, and many people working on newspapers, and their unions—in France, anyway—are Socialist.

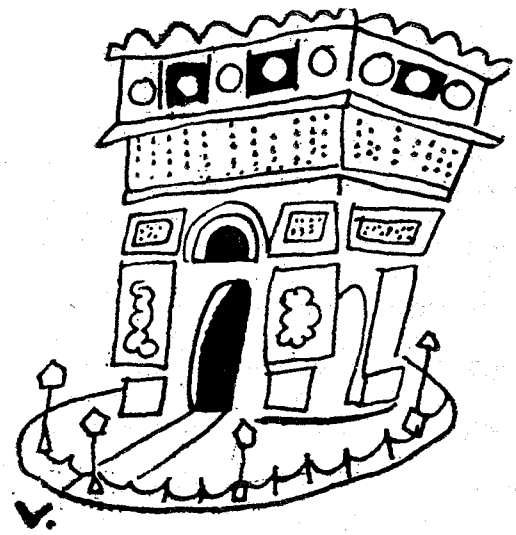
In the *Parisien Libéré* strike it is a question of the rights of all employees, not just the editorial staff. The central issue is whether management may lay off people arbitrarily, which it tried to do in large numbers. In protest the printers struck and have occupied the printing plant. They say management was trying to break their union and they claim the right to negotiate on cutbacks. They are backed by most of the French labor movement, although dissident unionists working at other plants have put out the paper irregularly. The three twenty-four-hour strikes at the other Paris papers were led by printers expressing their solidarity with the *Parisien Libéré* printers.

The cutbacks issue at *Parisien Libéré* has been clouded by other issues brought up by French conservatives: should the printers' union be allowed to continue to have a closed shop in the Paris area? A closed shop is illegal in France. Is the Communist Party, which is said to control the printers' union, trying to put *Parisien Libéré* out of business? *Parisien Libéré* is a right-wing, sensationalist tabloid that has found favor among working people, apparently much to the dismay of Communist leaders who would prefer to see them reading *L'Humanité*, the Communist daily. Nothing has been revealed which implicates the Communists in such a plot.

The darkest and most mysterious cloud over this strike was created when a high Agence France-Press official was murdered, in a case which has not been solved. The murdered man happened to have the same name as an important editor of *Parisien Libéré*, and many journalists feel it was a situation of mistaken identity. (Agence France-Presse is the big, worldwide French wire service.)

It is at the liberal *Le Figaro* that the combat is being fought that has the potentially most important significance for the future course of the French press. The issue here is whether the editorial staff, granted independence by the present owner in editorial matters, will be able to remain independent of the proposed new owner, a man whom most on the editorial team detest.

The newsmen and women at *Figaro* struck and, with the support of unions at the paper, prevented it from appearing for an issue, as a "warning" when Jean Prouvost, a 90-year-old press tycoon, signed an agreement to sell the majority of *Figaro*'s stock to another press tycoon, Robert Hersant, owner of eleven provincial dailies and a few magazines. The sale has not yet been completed, and the news people have threatened another strike if they are not satisfied that under Hersant their independence will be maintained. Many on the staff are so opposed to Hersant that they would like the newspaper to be struck until a more acceptable owner is proposed.



Hersant is intensely disliked for a variety of reasons. Not the least among them is that he was convicted of being a collaborator with the Germans during the Occupation. For ten years after the war he was denied his civil rights because he had been a leader of an anti-Semitic youth group. *Figaro* staff members say that he has been involved in a number of shady business deals. And they fear that his financial handling of a paper in which they have great pride would turn it into just another link in the Hersant chain. His defenders say he is a good, if tough, businessman and point out that he has been elected several times to the National Assembly (although the Assembly first refused to seat him). He has said that he would not interfere in the editorial operations of the paper, but of course he would control the budget.

Hersant is not admired, to say the least, in other Paris newspaper circles. "It's as if a member of Al Capone's gang were going to buy *The New York Times*," Jacques Sauvageot, one of the two co-publishers of *Le Monde*, told me. Sauvageot, who also writes on press matters for *Le Monde*, said that the movement for the independence of editorial staffs would be dealt a considerable blow if the *Figaro* journalists are not able to remain independent from Hersant. The newspaper unions have only recently become interested in the editorial staff's rights, and they might

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become wary of doing battle again on a similar issue if they lose this fight. The unions have been more interested in eventual outright worker control of the enterprises than in the assertion of the editorial staff's rights. Over the past ten years the staffs of a number of French dailies, rather than working through the unions, have established "journalists' societies" to attempt to assert their rights to be independent and to have a say in how the papers are run. But they have succeeded in interesting the unions in this battle. The group that organized the strike at *Figaro* was the journalists' society there, but the unions joined in. Seen in the light of this situation, a defeat for the staff at *Figaro* might be indeed a blow to the movement for editorial independence from ownership, but on the other hand it might strengthen the notion within the French newspaper world that full workers' control of the press (*l'autogestion*, as the French call it) is the only real alternative to the present form of capitalistic ownership.

The strikes at the Paris newspapers need to be seen in the wider perspective of the financial woes of the Parisian press. Fewer and fewer people are reading newspapers in France. The provincial press since the war has gained tremendously at the expense of the Parisian dailies. The price of paper and nearly everything else involved in producing newspapers is up. Advertising revenues are off. Newspaper owners say their printing plants are too old, their payrolls too big. Robert MacDonald, publisher of the *International Herald Tribune*, the American newspaper in Paris, told me he could put out his paper with a quarter of the employees but "no one wants to take on the French unions." Another phenomenon is the increasing concentration of newspapers in the chains of press magnates like Hersant. The staff at *Figaro* is making this an issue in their fight. They warn that bigger chains mean less diversity of information, therefore less freedom of the press in practical terms.

All these circumstances have led to a shuffle of owners and managers in the search for profits, and they are applying great pressure on the people beneath them. But the shuffling and pressuring may not be enough to save several Paris newspapers. The end of the country's biggest afternoon paper, *France-Soir*, which has been exceptionally financially plagued, may come this winter, its owner says. Some American newspaper people in Paris see the strikes as the start of a period similar to the New York newspaper crisis of the early 1960s which saw several papers die.

The way out of the crisis? Many journalists are looking to the government for help. The government is in a small way indirectly subsidizing newspapers—and newsmen and women in the form of a 30 per cent tax deduction—and more government aid is seen as a solution to the current financial problems.

Many newspaper people are hoping this aid would be incorporated in a new press law that would also guarantee the independence of the editorial staffs in editorial matters. A few hopeful journalists talk of leading the papers toward ownership by the staffs, after the very successful model of *Le Monde*, which has been owned by its staff for twenty years. *Le Monde* is the daily that is strongest in terms of financial soundness and staff contentment. Some press critics in the United States think it is the best newspaper in the world. A way to create more *Le Mondes*, some journalists say, is for the government to endow them.

Then there are the unions with their interest in *l'autogestion*. *Le Monde* is not this; it is not an enterprise democratically run by the workers. The controlling ownership is in the hands of the editorial staff; the printers, for example, own no part of it, although they benefit in the distribution of dividends. Sauvageot admits that he and his co-publisher run *Le Monde* somewhat autocratically—although both serve at the pleasure of the staff. He calls the *Le Monde* system "*l'autopropriété*" (self-ownership).

The wait for a new press law, whatever it may establish, may be lengthy. President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing has expressed reservations about the propriety of the government's getting involved with the press. His opponents among journalists say he is hypocritical when he says this. They accuse him of approving the sale of *Figaro* to Hersant—although no evidence of this is shown—and his policy toward the press was described to me by the head of the federation of journalists' unions as "collusion between the government and the newspaper owners." Many news people believe that a new press law will have to wait until the election of a Socialist government. □

CALIFORNIA PRELIMINARY

THE HAYDEN-TUNNEY BOUT

DAN BLACKBURN

Los Angeles

Five years ago, even two years ago, no one would have believed it. Tom Hayden—anti-war activist, founder of the Students for a Democratic Society, one of the Chicago Seven, sharp-tongued critic of the Establishment—declaring his candidacy for the Senatorial nomination of the Democratic Party in California. Incumbent Sen. John V. Tunney is no rock-ribbed conservative, but a clearly established liberal.

The first reaction in most quarters has been to dismiss the Hayden candidacy as something less than serious. But some veteran California politicians think such an attitude is a mistake. They see Hayden mounting a potentially major challenge to Tunney.

The first week in June served to highlight dramatically

Dan Blackburn is a veteran political reporter whose articles have appeared in The Nation, The Washington Post *and many other publications.*

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the surface differences between the two men. The 35-year-old Hayden, buying tickets for himself, his wife Jane Fonda and several staff members on California's major commuter airline, flew from Sacramento to San Francisco to Los Angeles to San Diego. Two days later Senator Tunney used a helicopter and a jet to race from Washington to Los Angeles for a $1,000-per-table fund-raising dinner that marked the unofficial beginning of his re-election bid. The printed invitation bore the names of nearly every Democratic Party leader in the state.

It was Tunney's dinner speech that tapped what may be the critical issue in the Senate race. Implicitly acknowledging Hayden's challenge, the 41-year-old incumbent told his audience, "I don't feel Establishment." That simple sentence betrays a very real concern felt by Tunney's backers. It is that his very incumbency may be his greatest handicap.

With the exception of Sen. Alan Cranston's successful campaign against an extraordinarily weak Republican opponent last year, no incumbent Senator has been re-elected in California since 1962. Whenever a strong challenge has been launched, the incumbent has been the loser. Further, there is a clear anti-Establishment tide now running in California politics. That tide carries as its most visible evidence the election of Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Jr. last year. It was Brown's obvious scorn for traditional methods that set him apart from his opponents. Since taking office, he has continued to challenge established procedures and all public opinion polls show that California voters approve of his performance. The local elections in May continued to reflect the anti-Establishment trend.

These developments have not gone unnoticed by either Tunney or Hayden. Thus, Hayden tells an audience, "The political process has to be restructured and Watergate has made that possible." In offering his own analysis of the current political scene, Hayden says, "There is an undercurrent of protest feeling. There are people who want to cast a protest vote and who don't feel that any vote for the Establishment is meaningful. Also, Tunney's base of support is loose. I don't sense a great deal of commitment to him."

Hayden tries to picture Tunney as a media creation. He says, "John Tunney is the symbol of the packaged politician. He is more image than substance. He is a person who follows the trend of opinion rather than leading the search for new directions." It is true that among politicians Tunney is seen as something of a "packaged" candidate; most believe that the motion picture *The Candidate* was based upon Tunney's 1970 campaign.

However, there are dissenting voices. For example, Southern California Democratic Chairman Richard J. O'Neill contends that one of Tunney's problems is that he doesn't use the media enough. According to O'Neill, "Every time I turn on television, I see Alan Cranston. But I don't see John. I keep telling him he has to get around the state more and be seen." O'Neill is among those who believe that the Hayden challenge actually helps Tunney. He thinks the campaign will push Tunney to the Right and thereby position him more toward the Center of the California voting pattern.

The view that Hayden's campaign helps Tunney is widely held among Tunney's circle of advisers. Democratic State Chairman Charles T. Manatt says, "There is no set of circumstances under which Tunney can be denied re-nomination. Hayden's candidacy will stimulate interest in the race and will bring John's record into review. I think that's a good thing. I don't see how the Hayden campaign can do anything but help Tunney." Still, Manatt does confess to some concern over the general anti-Establishment trend.

If being identified with the Establishment is a weakness for Tunney, Hayden's weakness, most observers believe, is his radical identification. Hayden concedes that it is a problem and he deals with it by saying, "The radicalism of the 1960s is fast becoming the common sense of the 1970s." Already that phrase has become something of a campaign slogan. However, the fact remains that every Hayden news conference brings forth questions pegged to his radical past.

Hayden is making a determined effort to appeal to middle-of-the-road voters, especially blue-collar workers. He is meeting with union officials, walking picket lines and talking with as many workers as possible. He believes that face-to-face contact with himself and his equally controversial wife, Jane, will help dissipate the radical image. He is also making extensive use of retired Marine Col. Edison Miller, a former prisoner of war in Vietnam, who introduces Hayden as "Our Next Senator of the People!"

Hayden lays heavy stress on economic and energy issues. He says that certain rights must be guaranteed. These include the right to a decent job, quality health care, quality housing and quality transportation. He wants a review of national energy policy, public participation in economic planning and a national debate on public accountability for big banks and corporations. At the same time he cautions against too much government encroachment. Again, there is a matching sentiment from Senator Tunney who declares, "You can't have personal freedom when someone in Washington, D.C. is telling you whether you can survive or not."

For the moment, the Tunney approach is to publicly ignore the Hayden candidacy. The impression is fostered that there is no serious political threat. When pressed, Tunney will concede Hayden about 15 per cent of the vote next June. But Hayden, who plans an extensive fund-raising campaign including rock concerts, campus drives and mass mailings, thinks he will do much better than that.

Responding to questions about his undeniable underdog status, Hayden insists, "I am not a voice in the wilderness. The goal of this campaign is to win. If we lose, it will be a failure of organization." To that end, Hayden is devoting much of his time to putting his organization together. He hopes to form an alliance with like-minded candidates for Congressional and other offices in next year's election.

At this stage, the cold truth is that virtually no one really believes that Tom Hayden will upset John Tunney next June. A recent series of public opinion polls shows Tunney the overwhelming favorite. But there are those, including Tunney himself, who feel the anti-Establishment current running in the state and who caution against overconfidence. Faintly, in the distance, they seem to hear footsteps on the Left. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Master of Contraries

THE BOW AND THE LYRE. *By Octavio Paz. Translated by Ruth L.C. Simms. University of Texas Press. 281 pp. $8.50. Paper: McGraw-Hill. $3.95.*

CHILDREN OF THE MIRE: Modern Poetry from Romanticism to the Avant-Garde. *By Octavio Paz. Translated by Rachel Phillips. Harvard University Press. 186 pp. $7.95.*

RONALD CHRIST

So many books by Octavio Paz have been published recently that you may be suspecting an ambush in the bookstore. Within the past few years, publishers have given us his verse in *Early Poems 1935-1955,* his Charles Eliot Norton Lectures in *Children of the Mire,* his poetics in *The Bow and the Lyre,* as well as two of his collections of prose entitled *Alternating Current* and *Conjunctions and Disjunctions.* Hardly able to keep up with this onslaught, you may not yet have even had a cut at the poems and prose poems in *Eagle or Sun?* and *Configurations* or the interpretive essays in *Marcel Duchamp* and *Claude Levi-Strauss.* Bewildered and besieged, you are probably wondering who is Octavio Paz anyway?

Octavio Paz is the leading poet and essayist of Mexico, a man born in 1914 who published his first poems as a student in 1933 and spent a year in the Spain of the Civil War. About ten years later, in 1946, he entered the diplomatic service, as so many of Latin America's writers have done, and served in various cities including Paris and Tokyo, finally becoming the ambassador at New Delhi, a post he retained until he resigned to protest the slaughter of students in Mexico City at the time of the Olympics there. He has been a guest professor at the Universities of Texas, Pittsburgh and Cambridge (England) as well as at Harvard, and in the late 1930s and 1940s he founded and edited two significant Mexican journals, *Taller* and *El Hijo Prodigo.* Currently he directs *Plural,* a magazine devoted to the arts and politics. It is the most important magazine of its kind in Latin America today—certainly it is the most imaginative and most beautiful—and its title offers a clue to the *obra* of Paz.

Plural offers what its name promises: a plurality of attitudes, presentations and interpretations. Yet it is a single publication, a unity of polarities. And it is the effort to achieve this plurality which characterizes Paz's work, whether we are talking of the Mexican cosmopolitanism of his criticism in *Alternating Current* or the wheeling rigor of his verse form in "Blanco," a poem in *Configurations.* And, in turn, it is this character which guarantees Paz's greatness because he has invaded a great subject—"the dynamic and necessary co-existence of opposites, but also their ultimate identity"—with a style of "contradictory dialogue" deployed in a rhetoric based on "the principles of complementary contradiction."

For Paz, it is poetry and, more specifically, the image which best accomplishes this "relation of opposition" because all images and comparisons have as "their common function to preserve the world's plurality of meanings without destroying the syntactical unity of the phrase or group of phrases." The dual image of the Mexican coin which gives *Eagle or Sun?* its title epitomizes Paz's technique and credo, for we see that there is no question of eagle *or* sun but rather of eagle *and* sun which together in their oppositeness are the same coin: "Today I fight alone with a word. That which concerns me, to which I concern: heads or tails? eagle or sun?"

In other words, Paz, like Borges, has an individualizing subject matter as well as a characterizing style which ultimately *is* that matter. But while Borges writes with lucid melancholy and wit in projecting an insomniac's dream life, Paz writes with luminous coolness and conviction in reasoning the unreasonable. His writing has the geometric and natural beauty of frost ferns on winter windows. And their elegant, Lalique translucence too. Both men, in fact, are great poets of light; but, as Borges' title *In Praise of Darkness* helps make clear, the Argentine finally chooses shadow and Paz moonshafts. Both, too, are learned and legendarily well-read, but in the end Borges offers his erudition as the substance of his art—it is the stuff of life for him—while Paz uses his learning to get at life and art and politics. Each has written interrelated poetry and fiction; essentially, though, Borges is the storytelling feigner, Paz the critical intellect.

I do not mean, however, to place Paz's art on a lower level than that of Borges. For as Paz observes repeatedly, modern art is critical and "What distinguishes our modernity from that of other ages is not our cult of the new and surprising, important though it is, but the fact that it is a rejection, a criticism of the immediate past." Like the modernity he reconnoiters, Paz's own writing constantly seeks the dissimilar: a great artist, he cultivates criticism; a Westerner, he extols the East, obviously influenced by his stay in India. In *The Bow and the Lyre,* Paz writes: ". . . Western history can be seen as the history of an error, a going astray. . . . The Western world is the world of 'this or that'; the Eastern, of 'this and that' and even 'this is that.' " The engagement Paz favors is fundamentally Eastern, a "polemical tradition" which encourages balanced countersaying.

In *Children of the Mire,* for example, Paz argues that "once a man realizes that he belongs to a tradition, he knows implicitly that he is different from that tradition; sooner or later this knowledge impels him to question, examine, and sometimes deny it." The specific tradition in question is the "modern tradition," which Paz challenges by asking "How can the modern be traditional?" and equally typically responds: "Modernity is never itself: it is always the *other.*" This passage, without the rhetorical displays of twin words in dancing doubles that have become a sign of his operation in language and argument, corrects the Western error Paz referred to in *The Bow and the Lyre.* In fact, the soul of what Paz has to say is incarnate in that early formulation and its recent antiphonal response, *Children of the Mire,* so the two books make a perfect introduction to Paz's work as a whole.

The Bow and the Lyre was written in 1956 and the present translation is based on Paz's revision of 1967. *Children of the Mire* is the revision of Paz's 1971-72 Norton Lectures. Thus the two books offer us a decade-by-decade view of Paz's continuing concern with the questions, "What is a poem? What do poems say? How do poems communicate?" The earlier book is brilliant, nonprescriptive poetics, and Ruth L.C. Simms's translation is faithful to the sometimes ponderous tone of Paz, who knew he was asking big questions. The later book concentrates on the third question, specifically relating poetry to society and history as it traces the legacy and development of English and German Romanticism through French Symbolism and Spanish-American *modernismo* up to the *avant-garde* trends of our century. Rachel Phillips, who wrote *The Poetic Modes of*

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Octavio Paz, has translated these lectures with an eye to the more startling effects Paz is after now. *The Bow and the Lyre* is thunder, *Children of the Mire* lightning; both flash and crash in jets of revelation to be found in no other writer.

Each is concerned with the way poetry can change the world by creating it anew through the image—again, metaphor and symbol are the ideal locus of different things made identical—and each asserts the primacy of criticism in our times, which may be why I find Paz's essays more satisfying than his undeniably wonderful poems. Of course it is in keeping with a man who searches books "not for what we are, but for the thing that denies what we are" to write about art as criticism since criticism is the *other* of art. It is equally appropriate for Paz to write that "Revolution is criticism translated into action." Apply that statement to poetry, prose and politics. It is indicative of the way these books, beginning with aesthetic questions, leave such topics to touch on many others: history, psychology, eroticism, religion and economics—a few of Paz's themes—only to return to aesthetics with full understanding that the way to answer one question is to also ask its opposite.

By contraries then, by polarities and divergences converging in a rhetoric of opposites, Paz establishes himself as a brilliant stylist balancing the tension of East and West, art and criticism, the many and the one in the figures of his writing. Paz is thus not only a great writer: he is also an indispensable corrective to our cultural tradition and a critic in the highest sense in which he himself uses that word. □

'Reintegrating the Two Worlds'

BETWEEN MYTH AND MORNING: Women Awakening. *By Elizabeth Janeway. William Morrow & Co. 279 pp. $8.95. Paper $3.95.*

JUDY PREWITT BROWN

The words most frequently used to describe Elizabeth Janeway's *Between Myth and Morning* are "elegant," "tactful" and "wise." These are common terms of praise for women authors, just as the familiar terms of abuse are "strident" and "shrill." Jane Austen is elegant; George Eliot is wise; Kate Millett is shrill; Elizabeth Janeway is tactful. One might as well inquire: what are the manners of her mind—genteel or boorish? How does she present the awkward fact of her intelligence—with wit and wisdom or with rage? *Publishers Weekly* coyly writes: "In the good sense, style makes the woman—here it will make sales as well."

Between Myth and Morning is indeed a wise book. It is written from the perspective of one whose doubts have been resolved. What one first admires about the book is precisely its assurance—its confidence in its own knowledge and good sense, and in the insights which arise from those qualities. It is a "tactful" book because its argument is too complex for offensive simplifications. Written neither to flatter the converted nor chastise the unconverted, its aim is to comprehend the situation of women in the modern world. And the grace and lucidity with which it achieves this aim make it "elegant."

"If liberating women from their traditional roles is a revolutionary idea, it is because revolution has already happened, out there in the changing world." According to Janeway, the feminist movement represents an effort to catch up with the great social, economic and cultural changes that have already taken place. Before industrialization, women were not cut off from life and the work they did was respected. The nonworking woman is a historical anomaly: "The family that can be sustained by the work of one pair of hands has been the exception rather than the rule throughout history." Today 50 per cent of women of working age hold jobs. Day-care centers are a necessity, and whatever deficiencies we may see in them must be corrected by improving them. And Janeway doesn't stop here—she gives valuable, practical suggestions for their improvement.

If change is inevitable, it is also desirable on moral grounds, both from the point of view of the home and the world. Families, "having lost their economic reason for being, are in danger of losing their social reason for being." The home has become what Kenneth Keniston calls a "home-haven," too isolated a retreat from the world of action to function as a step into that world. It has become an "emotional ghetto," while the world of work and events, "man's world" if you will, has come to be seen as a "rat race"—impractical, impersonal and dehumanizing. Janeway stresses the theme of the two worlds and the price we pay for them, and argues that feminism works to heal this division. The new woman will not relinquish the emotional values of personal relations when she enters the world of action; she will bring them along with her.

Some of the finest insights in *Between Myth and Morning* deal with why the process of reintegrating the two worlds is so difficult for men. She talks of the psychological and spiritual importance of woman in the male imagination: her role as a precious repository of hopes and values that are denied him, her function in helping to preserve the nondominant male's self-esteem. Janeway is not the first to recognize the stubborn innocence of many men in their spiritual idolatry and victimization of women but she is unusual in her awareness of its larger cultural significance. To many men, she argues, women are not denied but exempted from participation in the competition of man's world, so that they may keep alive—and separate—the last "sacred" and benevolent system of values.

The difficulty with these arguments, and with the book as a whole, is that they conflict with the feminist jargon that often coats them. The title's image of "women awakening" is a rhapsodic blur. Have women really been asleep, and are their values now to revitalize man's world nevertheless? Janeway has in fact argued that men are also asleep and that their world is asleep as well. In much of the book's language (though in none of its intensely drawn arguments) there is a tone of deference to the world, to "man's world." I wish she had given more explicit emphasis to the numbness and deficiency of that world, to its need for feminine values. She does this to a point, but stops short out of contempt, it seems, for the sentimental assertion that women are superior to men: "possessed of finer, nobler, less aggressive, and more nurturant qualities." This view of women, Janeway correctly insists, is "emotional snobbery." But if we look at feminine history with the cool, clear vision Janeway herself encourages, we find a more humane and cooperative tradition than almost any found in male history. It seems to me that women, educated as they are to believe in their own historical anonymity, could be greatly strengthened by recognizing that yes, women have a history, and yes, it *is* one that has fostered the values of social cooperation, nonviolence, human interdependence and emotion. Surely those values have an existence of their own throughout history, and are not restricted to the identities of mother and wife.

Janeway assumes that in undergoing the experience of self-discovery, women will not desert those values but will "bring them along" into the world of action. This seems unlikely if authors as compassionate and intelligent as Janeway do not caution women about the ambiguity of self-realization by implying that it leads naturally to responsibility. Women will not automatically resuscitate the world of action with an inflow of the values of emotion and cooperation. Their tendency may well be to relinquish the values of their past because of the difficult personal demands which an

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BETWEEN WARS

After the twelve-day storm, the ocean
settles like a sheet tugged taut.
Instead of being something
to survive, the dawn is simply
one more dawn.
You lallygag
on deck, deal poker in the hold
and shave the beard you now find
time to shave.
The mate remembers
that his ulcer ought to bother him.
Bo's'ns hate their officers again,
and stokers use the same, quick
nouns to damn the food that they
had used to pray the winds away.
By noon you wish those weathers
back when you were just afraid
to be afraid, when every watch
meant death or breath, when nothing
but the storm was real.
You brag
that it takes storms to make the sea
the sea, and sailors sailors.
By night you dream the opposite.
You merely lack the seamanship
to cope with peaceful waters.

Samuel Hazo

adherence to them makes upon any person living in the "world outside." Women must at least be determined to adhere to them, because they will meet with serious resistance in the rat race. And their determination can come only from a recognition of the concrete moral value and significance of their history.

Between Myth and Morning is especially fine for its awareness of the psychological obstacles facing men if a reintegration of the two worlds is to take place. But what of similar obstacles confronting women? Have they no myths about the infallibility of man's world, and the corresponding fallibility of their own, that may get in their way? There is a curious lack of critical attention to the immediate and complicated problems women themselves face in becoming equal. And being told they are "awakening" will not help them half as much as their being impelled to ask themselves what they are awakening *from* and what they are awakening *to*. For if in the liberation from their traditional role women also disown feminine values, the rat race will remain a rat race. And the world Janeway projects for women may prove to be more full of unpredicted pain than predicted pleasure.

In a few ardent passages Janeway sounds like the feminist movement's Macaulay—as much in her bold eloquence as in her commitment to the idea of progress. This practical optimism has an edge which is felt in the book but which Janeway takes care not to sharpen. In the closing chapters she tries to convince us that her optimism is earned, and succeeds mainly in impressing us with her own courage and generosity. I say this not to reduce her, since those qualities are valuable in themselves. Their presence in a feminist work is particularly important because they signal us to a change in perspective. Hers is one of the first feminist books that face toward the future; she is interested in the past only as it illuminates the future. That Elizabeth Janeway de-emphasizes its dangers is perhaps less significant than that she pays attention to its existence. □

The Land-Poor American People

THE PEOPLE'S LAND: A Reader on Land Reform in the United States. *Edited by Peter Barnes for the National Coalition for Land Reform. Rodale Press. 260 pp. $9.95. Paper $6.95.*

PETER WILEY

Land reform, long the war cry of liberation movements in the Third World, is now being raised in the United States—where three out of every four people live in the city. Throughout the 19th century the vision of vast open spaces lured Americans westward while millions of European immigrants came to the United States hoping to acquire land that was denied to them at home. Yet in the last quarter of the 19th century alone, the federal government, in one of the great legalized scandals of American history, granted 150 million acres to the railroads.

According to *The People's Land*, a comprehensive new collection of writings on the land question in America edited by Peter Barnes, in this century 40 million Americans have left the land for the cities and suburbs. In their place a complex network of giant agri-business and lumber, fuel and mining corporations—many of them direct descendants of the original corporations that benefited from Congress' misplaced largesse—have established effective control over this country's most precious resource.

In the not-so-distant past the small, independent family farmer was pictured as the very soul of American democracy. Today small farms are still being abandoned at the rate of more than 1,000 per week. Indian lands, once considered sacred and indivisible by their inhabitants, have been steadily reduced in size, with more than 100 million acres passing into the hands of whites from 1887 to 1934. And blacks have seen their ownership of land fall from a high of 15 million acres in 1910 to 5.5 million acres in 1969.

Today rural America may look the same to the city dweller as he zips by in his automobile. But in fact the small farmer of yesteryear has been completely overshadowed by huge farm operations dominated by giant corporations. Tenneco, the Houston-based international energy conglomerate, for instance, describes the concept behind its 55,000-acre farm operation as "Seedling to Supermarket." In a series of shrewd purchases including the 2.5-million-acre Kern County Land Company (California, Arizona and New Mexico) and Heggeblade and Marguelas, one of California's largest packers and marketers of fresh fruit and vegetables, Tenneco has integrated food production, packaging and marketing with the production of fuel, farm machinery, containers and chemicals.

The emergence of food production and marketing as America's number-one growth industry has not, however, benefited either the farmer or the consumer. A 1972 Federal Trade Commission study, for instance, found that consumers are being overcharged more than $2 billion a year because of monopolies within thirteen food lines. Researchers are just beginning to uncover the extent of corporate control in the countryside, since much of the information is either a legally protected secret or is ignored by the Department of Agriculture because of its close ties to many corporate giants.

In the vital area of energy production, public land—"our" land—still holds most of the remaining fuel reserves in the country: more than half of the oil and natural gas, 80 per cent of the oil shale and 60 per cent of geothermal energy. But here again things look a little different when you get away from the freeway, even though 1 out of every 3 acres is still publicly owned. A recent Federal Power Commission study showed that eight major corporations already lease 74 per cent of all oil and gas reserves on public land.

And then think briefly of Montana, once a vast storehouse of gold, copper and timber, now a major source of coal, but always more a private colony of mining, lumber and railroad interests than a state. Montana's Indians once owned 46 million acres, almost half of the state. Today their holdings have declined to 5.5 million acres of the poorest land. The Northern Pacific, on

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the other hand, originally received 15 million acres or 16 per cent of the state's land. Today the Burlington Northern, direct descendant of the Northern Pacific, controls 1 out of every 10 privately owned acres in the state despite a long history of legal decisions demanding the return of railroad lands to the public.

In *The People's Land,* Barnes has put together a broad picture of what is happening to the country. Regional reports from land-oriented groups and individuals speaking for family farmers, farm workers, Southern blacks, Indians and Appalachian poor whites are combined with sections on farming, energy and water, land taxation and rural poverty. The book itself is beautifully produced by Rodale Press, publisher of *Organic Farming and Gardening* magazine, using a large collection of fine photographs of rural America including classics by Ben Shahn and Dorothea Lange.

Barnes's collection is more than a litany of the horrors being worked on the American land by the rich and powerful. The National Coalition for Land Reform (NCLR), after all, is in the business of land reform, believing that "ownership of land by those who work and live on it is a key to alleviating poverty, easing urban overcrowding, reducing welfare costs and unemployment, protecting the environment and building a stronger democracy." Thus the last part of the book focuses on some of the possible solutions to the land question now being experimented with: small producers' cooperatives, community land trusts, the organization of farm workers and the passage of federal legislation to protect the family farm.

The NCLR held its first national conference in 1973. Thus *The People's Land* must be regarded as a beginning, the work of loosely connected groups such as middle-class dropouts returning to the land, organic farmers, suburbanites, environmentalists, Indians and farm workers.

Outside of the Coalition these groups advocate everything from revival of the Homestead laws to direct seizure of the land, while the Coalition itself focuses mainly on lobbying with the federal government to write and enforce laws which provide some measure of protection for the land and the small farmer. For the present, the Coalition, through efforts like *The People's Land* and its semi-annual newspaper, *People and Land,* has done an important job of pulling the many strands of a would-be land-reform movement together and once again posing the fundamental question of who owns and controls our land. □

Begin by Shooting the Poet

THE DEATH OF LORCA. *By Ian Gibson. J. Philip O'Hara. 217 pp. $10.*

WARD ABBOTT

Ian Gibson, an Irish lecturer in Spanish at London University, offers the most complete and objective essay on Lorca's death yet published. Previous accounts have been marred by incomplete research or the desire to prove a preconceived theory. Gibson approaches the matter with the clarity and doggedness of a police inspector. His book is based on personal interviews with as many participants as survive, from Lorca's nanny to the man who arrested him, and on extensive research in contemporary newspapers and documents.

In straightforward prose, Gibson describes the political and cultural ambience of Granada, as well as Lorca's character and background. His description is conducted with a thoroughness which heightens for the reader the significance of the climactic events, making the arrest and execution stand out with stark and terrifying clarity.

Ward Abbott is a poet and essayist living in Austin, Texas.

Though he moved openly in leftist circles, Lorca was not allied with a specific party or ideology, and he had as many friends on the Right as on the Left. His personal politics were best summed up when he said in an interview, "I am a brother to all men." He envisioned a time when all people would be free from hunger and exploitation, and political as well as national frontiers would be dissolved.

Lorca was living in Madrid, at the height of his fame, when political unrest seemed to be leading to a military uprising. His plays were drawing large audiences, and he was outlining several new books of poetry and new pieces for the theatre. As war began to seem increasingly inevitable, Lorca, who was appalled by violence, decided the best retreat would be his hometown. So he returned to Granada. It was difficult to foresee that Granada would be among the first cities to be taken over by the Falange, or to anticipate the severity of the repression that the rebels would inflict on the city.

He had been in his family's house only a few days when the uprising began. A column of troops entered Granada. At first their presence was misinterpreted by crowds of workers who cheered the soldiers, thinking they had come to defend the city against Fascist invasion. Rifle fire and shouts of "Kill the Reds!" undeceived them.

Immediately after assuming power, the Falange began to arrest and execute anyone with known liberal leanings, a practice continued relentlessly throughout the war and after. In addition to executions carried out officially by the authorities, dozens were conducted by the "Black Squads," sanctioned gangs of assassins. Roaming the city, they pulled people out of bed in the small hours, dragged them into the streets and shot them.

After the police visited his family's house, Lorca decided it would be safer to stay with a poet friend, Luis Rosales, whose family was conservative (two of his brothers were in the Falange). The family gave him sanctuary, but nonetheless he was arrested a week later.

The arrest was engineered by Ruiz Alonso, a man who had lost his fortune under the Republic and was forced to earn his living at menial work until his climb to prominence in the Fascist movement. The arrest was a large-scale operation. The whole neighborhood was cordoned off by the police. Ruiz was accompanied by Juan Trescastro. They drove to the Rosales house and arrested Lorca, taking him to the seat of the Civil Government where he was held for two days. The Rosales family attempted to intercede on Lorca's behalf with the Civil Governor, but the machinery of the repression was swift. At that, it appears that the two-day delay was due to the fact that the commandant felt the need to secure clearance from his superior, General Queipo, in Seville. Finally he received the order to kill the poet.

Lorca was taken to Ainadamar (ironically a spot much frequented and written about by Arab poets in the days of the Moors), and was shot shortly thereafter. The next day Juan Trescastro strode into the Bar Pasaje and announced loudly, "We've just killed Federico Garcia Lorca. We left him in a ditch and I fired two bullets into his ass for being a queer."

It was soon evident that killing Lorca was a tactical mistake. The shock of his death spread rapidly throughout the world. The government made lame attempts at a cover-up, first laying the blame on the radical Left, and when this failed, blaming "uncontrollable" factions of the Right. One of the most important results of Gibson's study is its conclusive proof that Lorca's death was an official act of the Granada government, sanctioned by the district commander in Seville.

Many people met a similar fate during the uprising in Granada. Yet Lorca's death was not an accident of war; he was very much a target. As Gibson says, he was

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"assassinated by an attitude of mind." He symbolized a depth of perception incomprehensible to those whose chief desire was control, and whose primary talents were conspiracy and death.

It seems every purge claims its symbolic poet. Lorca in Spain, Mandelstam in Russia and, most recently, Neruda in Chile. It is one of the motifs of our time, the poet shuffled off at two o'clock in the morning to a waiting lorry.

If the state represents control, the artist represents the deeper, spiritual desires of the people on whom control is imposed. The artist's exploration of realms not governed by money or power, and his insistent questioning of those realms that are, remind his fellows of those things to which they might aspire. That awareness, burning within us, lights the path toward a freer existence. At the same time, it draws us further from the machinery of control. Thus the poet, mystic, anarchist are a danger to the state.

The artist is doubly subversive in that only a bullet can stop him. He feeds on changes as others shy away from them. Josip Brodsky, exiled to Siberia, infuriated officials by enjoying his life there. Unlike a banker, who is powerless without his bank, the artist carries his work in his mind. To express it, he needs only a stub of pencil and a scrap of paper, or charcoal and any surface. One of the last acts of Gaudier-Brezka in the trenches of World War I, surrounded by death and desolation, was to carve, out of a bit of blown-up rifle butt, a splendidly Brezkian sculpture. □

Discipline and Exuberance

THE VON RICHTHOFEN SISTERS: The Triumphant and the Tragic Modes of Love. *By Martin Green. Basic Books. 396 pp. $12.50.*

LINDA BAMBER

The von Richthofen Sisters is a fascinating book on many levels, but it is as a feminist that I am most interested in it. Martin Green is not, however, very interested in the women's movement. He offers neither feminist analyses nor useful statistics; although he assumes (as I do) that D.H. Lawrence is *the* great modern novelist he notes that the women's movement has denounced Lawrence without feeling (as I do) the necessity of reconciling the two. Green does not identify himself with feminist ideology nor does he confront it. Instead he tells the story of a moment in history when brilliant men and women, artists and intellectuals, imagined for themselves a new sexual identity, and in the name of this new identity made their major statements to the world. The time is around 1907; the place is Munich and its "Bohemian" suburb of Schwabing. That cultural moment was so intriguingly like and unlike the present that it invites continual comparison between the two: the reader finds herself trying on in turn each of the sexual roles described to compare it with the role she herself enacts. The book is of feminist interest not because it points toward feminism but because it exercises and significantly extends the sexual imagination itself.

The story begins with Frieda and Else von Richthofen, daughters of an officer in Bismarck's army. These sisters rebelled in opposite ways against the Prussianization of Germany after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Both opposed the harsh patriarchal mode that was gaining ascendancy as they were growing up, but Else stood for liberalization and reform of the patriarchy, whereas Frieda came to believe in herself as the embodiment of the matriarchal mode. The book is an exploration of the consequences for love and the life of the mind of choosing Else's or Frieda's view. These consequences are apparent in their own love relationships and in the work of two great men: D.H. Lawrence, who married Frieda, and Max Weber, who loved but did not marry Else.

Frieda is of the greatest possible interest to feminists because one aspect of the present women's movement is also a revolt against patriarchalism in the name of life values. Frieda dismissed the institutions of the world of men—factories, prisons, armies, governments—and held spontaneity, unself-conscious emotion and gaiety to be values more important than justice and order. Green calls her "Woman triumphant" because she managed to make the claims of the public life seem unreal next to her claims for pleasure, leisure and love. But Frieda did not merely renounce what Adrienne Rich calls the "competitive, paranoiac rules" of "masculine society"; she also gave up any sense of responsibility for the outside world, or capacity to derive sustenance from it; discipline and work of any sort ("she pitied men because they had to waste their time doing work"); and even the most basic intellectual skills:

> . . . she was hopelessly vague in all practical matters—unable even to use the telephone—and fitful at carrying through any systematic work and inefficient at dealing consistently with any scheme of concepts . . . . A spiritually ambitious woman, and passionately responsive to ideas, she was so devoid of cleverness—that is, of ordinary skill and care in handling the tools of the mind—that she made a fool of herself more often than not.

Green believes that Frieda's "self-caricature in realms of thought" is a result of her repudiation of competition with her clever sister Else, not the inevitable price to be paid for the role she played. Furthermore, he thinks Frieda's bargain was worth its price to her. Nevertheless, as a feminist one must ask whether the divisions into cost and benefit, Frieda and Else, do not lead us back to the "old assumptions" that Ms. Rich names as follows:

> Either you stay at home where you can hope to express tenderness, give and receive warmth, behave generously and spontaneously, or you enter the male world and play the game like a man: the game being control, impassivity, ends above means, exploitation. (Adrienne Rich in "The Anti-Feminist Woman," *New York Review of Books,* November 30, 1972.)

Our search for models, for heroines, has been a search for women who transcend this duality. Clearly, there are political implications in dwelling on the distinctions between "Woman triumphant" and her

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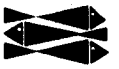

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disciplined, responsible sister, who wrote about the condition of women in factories and served a sober, liberal patriarchy.

Some of these implications are apparent in the attitudes of the two sisters toward the contemporary women's movement. Frieda repudiated it entirely, as she did all social movements. Else embraced it, but conceived of it in exclusively male terms. If Frieda and Else were the only options for women, then feminism must mean either isolated women who impose matriarchal values in their personal relationships or a movement concerned exclusively with jobs, suffrage and women's position in the world of men. Both options are, from a feminist point of view, cripplingly partial.

But several things must be said in Green's defense. First of all, he is not to be held responsible for the nature of the previous women's movement, which often did assume an opposition between full female sexuality and a role in the world. In 1917 Marianne Weber (Max Weber's wife but an ally of Else's as a feminist) admits the failure of that movement in just these terms. She says that

> things are no longer as they were. Women students used to be militant about their rights and . . . dress soberly, in an almost masculine style. Now they are ultra-feminine and seek love above all things. We have now the "romantic type" of woman student who longs to be touched by Eros more than anything else.

The previous women's movement wanted women to "play the game like a man" when they were on male territory; if we can trust Marianne Weber's analysis, it fell to what it repressed, romance and eroticism.

It must be said, moreover, that Frieda and Else are not the only women in the book. Although they are the North and South of the compass there are many more reference points than these two. Emma Goldman, Isadora Duncan and Alma Mahler, for instance, are discussed as members of Frieda's sisterhood. But the most important thing to notice is that Green treats the men as well as the women as representing contrasting options—Lawrence as the servant of matriarchal values and Weber as the servant of rationalism and objectivity, of the Apollonian principle. Clearly Green's technique has its source in the vision of life that he writes from and not in anything that could be called male chauvinism. And in my opinion both the technique and the vision are an important complement to orthodox feminism. For if Green does not offer models, he offers portraits of men and women that strengthen the feminist imagination by providing it with worthy challenges. His sympathetic and subtle matching of virtues to defects, powers to failures, makes each new character really new and forces flexibility upon us as we respond to each in turn. The choice between matriarchy and patriarchy, and between different versions of each mode, is never a foregone conclusion. The book seems inexhaustibly various.

Frieda and Else were brilliant women in themselves and they are treated as such in *The von Richthofen Sisters*; but Green is also interested in them as the muses of famous men. Frieda was to Lawrence the "living idea" that gave him the confidence to speak of his own erotic experience "unafraid that what other men said derived from their having gone further." The ideological dowry she brought him, the triumphant affirmation of nature and emotion and gratified passion, is responsible for the difference between his early writing and the great works he wrote in imaginative sympathy with her. Green believes that "Frieda had saved Lawrence from artistic as well as sexual impotence, and by the same act of grace; for Lawrence, for most writers then, the two things necessarily went together."

For Max Weber, on the other hand, love and work did not go together. Whereas Lawrence's writing and his relationship with Frieda were interdependent, Weber's relationship with Else was for the most part irrelevant to his creative life. The second couple was, moreover, too "principled" to betray Marianne (as Frieda was not too "principled" to betray her husband) and their love affair therefore was "tragic" while Lawrence and Frieda's was "triumphant." The great cultural change in which the Lawrences participated and Max and Else did not was from the 19th-century tendency to associate passion with death to the erotic movement's claim that love is the central life value. Frieda and her sisterhood insisted on fulfillment in love; sacrifice and self-repression were Else's characteristic gestures in every relationship. She lived in the old mode, they in the new.

Frieda is the heroine of the book, and we get many pictures of her that are irresistible. Green speaks of her "consciously triumphing" over the compulsion to achieve and excel "when she lay on her bed smoking while Lawrence and [Dorothy] Brett built her an extension to the ranch in New Mexico." Else's proud melancholy, her achievements in the world of culture, cannot compete for our sympathy with this kind of confidence. But in a short preface called "Meeting the Sisters" there is quite a different distribution of sympathy. Frieda, whom Green met in 1955, was eager, receptive, enthusiastic, but the conversation was without much substance, and Green's appreciation of her seems to involve generosity on his part. Else, on the other hand, he found to be "one of the finest conversational ironists I've met." Clearly it was more fun to be put down by Else than to be passionately received by Frieda. Of course, it is part of Green's point that Frieda would be likely to falsify herself in just such a situation whereas Else would be in her element. Nevertheless, this slight disharmony between the sisters in person and the sisters as they reveal themselves to Green's research should be suggestive to those who support the ideas of the women's movement. And here, as elsewhere in the book, they will find the tools of feminist analysis altered and sharpened by the hard, brilliant material they have to work on. □

MY HUT

(after Tran Quang Khai)

Built long ago, old,
sills rotting in mud,
filled now with soft ash
from a thousand fires that warmed me,
ash settled indelibly
on these books, never
to be clean again,
and on these shoulders
and hands.

Hayden Carruth

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The visit of Moscow's Bolshoi Opera to New York brought many revelations. There was an opera that few of us had heard before, and even fewer seen: Prokofiev's *The Gambler*—Dostoevsky's story set to music of feverish brilliance and mordant wit, something close to a masterpiece. There was the same composer's *War and Peace*, a pageant with stirring moments and some genuine inspiration, but a sad letdown from *The Gambler* in its compositional appetites: so little real music, stretched over such a large canvas (and that canvas unfortunately rent by severe cuts in the final "war" scenes). And, further in the same vein, Kyril Molchanov's *The Dawns Are Quiet Here*, described by its composer as "an illustration of the music being composed in the Soviet Union today," showed a still greater diminution of ambition, achieving with perfect professionalism a musical density not much greater than, say, *South Pacific*. This progression shows vividly that, from 1916 to 1975, something valuable has been lost in the cause of Socialist Realism.

On the other side of the coin, something has been preserved. The Bolshoi's performances of the two great Tchaikovsky operas, *Eugene Onegin* and *The Queen of Spades*, are imbued with an understanding

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of the social and dramatic point of these works that has been conspicuously absent from local productions. And even though Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* was played in a somewhat mangled form of the obsolete Rimsky-Korsakov revision, much could be learned from the Bolshoi's way with it.

Above and beyond these considerations, there was the tantalizing image of what a stable national operatic ensemble can achieve. Despite ups and downs in the casting of the operas, the solid virtues remained: one's pleasure for the evening was not dependent on the vocal condition of a single soprano, nor imperiled by her limited acquaintance with the tenor's, producer's or conductor's intentions. These productions may be "old-fashioned" in their use of painted, illusionistic scenery (I found most of it beautiful, atmospheric and effective) and in their treatment of large groups of people (still, I'd rather have a chorus that sings this well than seventy-five individual and distracting character sketches, too busy to sing out), but there was nothing rigid about the direction: at different performances, different singers worked in entirely individual ways, and sometimes even the same singer tried variations on the plan of action. In fact, they played with their dramatic material in the same way that members of a great chamber ensemble play with musical material, confident of their colleagues and of the work—and this can only happen in such a context. For all the visual slickness and obvious "modernity" of certain recent New York productions, their participants—especially the more celebrated ones—rarely offer a comparably secure projection of emotional and social *relationships*, even when their individual characterizations are internally consistent.

One factor in this, obviously, is that the Bolshoi singers are working in their native language, to audiences that understand the words; this could have been deduced, even had one not known it, from the unfailing attention to verbal clarity and audibility, on the part of both singers and conductors. (This clearly contributes to theatrical probity, too: if New York audiences could understand the text at some of our productions, they would refuse to believe what they are seeing—or, still better, directors would not dare to indulge in such hanky-panky with the original works.)

There were a number of fine singers, and I hope we shall be hearing some of them again. Unexpectedly, the basses made the least impression: neither of the two Borises I heard, Yevgeni Nesterenko and Bulat Minzhilkiev, had quite the vocal clout that we have come to expect in the part, and the fall of the Czar was not the mighty tragedy it has to be in this version, which ends with the Czar rather than the Russian people. (And with the Russian people so stirringly voiced by the Bolshoi chorus, the imbalance, the anticlimax became still greater.) The sopranos were better than we had been led to expect (in part, I think, because the bright, straight tone they favor is often unflatteringly caught by the microphone). Tamara Milashkina is evidently the prima donna, probably a bit beyond her best days, but spirited and professional. I particularly liked the work of Makvala Kasrashvili as Pauline in *The Gambler*, Tatiana in *Onegin* and Natasha in *War and Peace*: pure of tone and tuning, warmly phrased, rhythmically vivacious; and the young Galina Kalinina also did some lovely work as Tatiana.

The biggest cheers went to the tenor Vladimir Atlantov, a truly potent voice with a few of the mannerisms of his Italian contemporaries but also an uncommon sense of color and direction; he was at his best in *The Queen of Spades*. Despite a somewhat raw sound, Vladislav Piavko shaped the False Dimitri into a complex, compelling character. Denis Korolyov sang a sweet and atmospheric Lensky. And Alexei Maslennikov, as the hero of *The Gambler*, sang and acted a fiendishly difficult part with unbelievable accuracy, intensity and imagination; he also did well by Kuragin in *War and Peace*.

The single most beautiful voice in the company—some have said, in the world—is that of the baritone Yuri Mazurok; alas, he is a stolid singer and an inflexible figure on stage, but I do not doubt that we will hear him again. Andrei Fedoseyev made a more convincing Onegin, restless arrogance rather than self-satisfaction implicit in his carriage. The mezzos were consistently impressive in tone and theatrical awareness: Elena Obraztsova, Galina Borisova, Tamara Sinyavskaya, Larisa Avdeyeva, Tatiana Tugarinova, Nina Grigorieva, in larger or smaller roles. In all ranges, small parts were usually well taken—and sometimes by name singers: Boris Mozorof, a virtuoso Varlaam one night, turned up as one of the chorus of Boyars another.

Boris and *The Queen of Spades* were led by the company's principal conductor, Yuri Simonov, who is clearly a man marked for the theatre. He paces with authority and vigor, yet can spin out a mood piece to the maximum that continuity will bear, and is considerate of the singers without being indulgent—but then these singers do not have the massive traditions of self-indulgence that have been cultivated in the West. Also impressive were Fuat Mansurov, who led *Onegin*, and Alexander Lazarev, with the most complex task of all, *The Gambler* (this brilliant production, utilizing several revolving stages that became a massive metaphor of the gambling casino's wheels, presented challenges physical as well as musical; they were well met, although on the first night, perhaps because of nerves, there was occasional discoordination between stage and pit; I am told that this cleared up at the first repetition).

We don't have an opera company like this one. For that matter, we don't have a strong national repertory around which to found one, and this may be a chicken-egg problem. The Russians don't have "international" opera, of course, and few American opera-goers would want to do without it—although for my part I find it increasingly less rewarding. Conditions are hardly comparable: for one thing, the Bolshoi faces little competition for its singers, and obviously can draw on the vocal resources of an immense country—but, on the other hand, there is every reason to believe that our composers would be able to rise to the challenge of expanding the repertory, unhampered by the conditions that evidently militate against serious new operatic composition in the Soviet Union. I wish someone would try.

For those beyond reach of New York or Washington, most of the Bolshoi productions are available on records, with

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casts more or less comparable to those heard here. The Bolshoi *Boris*, with George London as guest star, and the late Alexander Melik-Pashayev conducting, is on Columbia M4S 696 (four discs, $27.92)—the Rimsky version, of course, but including more of the Polish act than was done here. Malashkina and Mazurok are in *The Queen of Spades*, well conducted by Boris Khaikin on Angel Melodiya SRDL 4104 (four discs, $27.92). Melik-Pashayev conducted *War and Peace*, recently made available on Columbia M4 33111 (four discs, $27.92). The same company is planning release later this year of *The Gambler*, in a 1960 Moscow Radio performance conducted by Rozhdestvensky that I found even more exciting than what we heard in New York.

The bad news is *Eugene Onegin*, for the recent Bolshoi recording (Angel Melodiya SRCL 4115, three discs, $20.94) is conducted with suffocating solicitude by Rostropovich, a theatrical novice; despite strong casting (Vishnevskaya, Atlantov, Sinyavskaya, Mazurok), this *Onegin* goes nowhere—and slowly. An earlier version conducted by Khaikin, circulated here some years ago as MK 204C, was much preferable but is now hard to find. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

"French Painting 1774-1830: the Age of Revolution" is a joint American-French project, seen first in Paris at the Grand Palais, then at the Detroit Institute of Arts and now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (until September 7). The number of paintings in the original exhibition has been reduced by a quarter, but even this economy version makes a big show. It is forty years since Frederick Antal, writing of of this period, declared that "few conceptions in the terminology of art history are as vague and indefinite as those of classicism and romanticism." (We know only too well that the use of these labels has not abated.) What Antal had in mind was to replace these high-level generalities by locating the art of the late 18th and early 19th century in its social matrix. That is what the organizers of this exhibition have done, though without Antal's Marxism. They have replaced his precise social strata with a model of diversity, in which interacting social groups follow their interests but without a basis of strict economic determinism. The underlying assumption however is the same: art is not exempt from society and its influences.

Robert Rosenblum draws attention in the catalogue to "the inadequacy of the neo-classic-romantic polarity," and Frederick J. Cummings makes a related point: "the period is virtually characterized by a multiplicity of stylistic approaches." Antoine Schnapper adds his revisionist point to the catalogue: David was a beacon, he allows, "but one of the aims of this exhibition is to remind us that he was not alone." Even in its abbreviated form the exhibition makes this point. There are spectacular history paintings and intimate genre scenes, virtuous scenes painted in Louis XVI's reign and erotic ones in Napoleon's. An artistic situation of high complexity is presented without any Kenneth Clark-like simplification.

The exhibition is arranged chronologically, showing the art contemporaneous with the last Louis, the Revolution, the Consulate and Empire, and the Bourbon Restoration. This gives the appearance of art marching with events and some of the time it does, as with Jean-Germain Drouais' "Marius at Minturnae" and François-André Vincent's "Allegory of the Freeing of the Prisoners at Algiers." But the fact is that art is not the best mirror of day-to-day change in society: the internal traditions of art are not fully coordinated with social history. In the catalogue Pierre Rosenberg points out that "the number of painters seemed to multiply from year to year," and Rosenblum notes that "By the end of the Napoleonic era, French painting had become more complex and diverse than at any earlier point in its history." Artists appearing in such numbers cannot be expected to reflect a single view of social change. Not only had society become sufficiently complex to support various styles but artists themselves enjoyed sufficient freedom to work whether they received general acceptance or not. The real point of this show, and its originality, is the demonstration of the synchronic richness of a period. This exhibition with its crowds of artists and multiple styles shows that the contemporary art world was established by the beginning of the 19th century.

To a great extent the paintings are those originally shown at the Salon, a decision based on the sensible view that the artists showed publicly the works they considered their best. This is the correction of a distortion to which 19th-century artists have been subjected. Early 20th-century taste favored the free, loose handling of paint, with the result that preparatory sketches were often preferred to finished paintings. However, this show takes its aesthetic from the period, not from a phase of taste intervening between that time and ourselves.

Two paintings, both well known individually, were revivified for me by being put into the show, "Napoleon I on his Imperial Throne" (Paris) and "Jupiter and Thetis" (Aix-en-Provence), both by Ingres. They share a closely knit paint surface, the solidity of which does not inhibit points and crusts of texture; both are images of ultimate male authority. Napoleon's pose is a condensation of absolutist imagery (hieratic, huge, armored by robes), as is that of the colossal Jupiter, accepting but not yet acknowledging Thetis' abject blandishment, her body absorbed into the massive containing contour of his body.

The verbal information within which the exhibition is presented is on three levels. There is the admirable catalogue, a basic text, fully illustrated, 700 pages ($14.95, add $1.25 for shipping). Since not everybody can afford that, the museum distributes a free guide to the period, in newspaper format. Both publications are educational services. There is no problem with the sophisticated public, the one expected to buy and perhaps read the catalogue, and the streamlined newspaper is satisfactory too. In addition, there are the captions that accompany the pictures in the galleries (prepared by John Walsh and the European Painting Department). Cued by the catalogue, these captions identify heroes, summarize iconography and in general give background on the culture that informs the paintings. Such verbal aids are in wide use now: the National Gallery, London, for instance, has a part of the permanent collection on view under the title "The Rival of Nature," with captions for both individual works and for shared themes.

It is a difficult matter to get these orientation cues just right. They should not be so long that they compete with the visual imagery they are designed to explicate. They should not necessarily transmit a pocket version of humanistic opinions given at length in the catalogue. They should not be discursive: for instance, the caption to a self-portrait by Adélaide Labille-Guiard makes a joke about this woman artist painting in a hat, but there is no comparable joke about a male painter in a portrait by Antoine Vestier, who is shown painting in a fur-trimmed coat. The little sexist quip is out of place. So, too, is this comment on David's "Mars Disarmed by Venus and the Three Graces": "formal qualities prefigure some of the goals of 20th-century abstract painting." To make

CACTUS AT COMANJILLA

from
dying rock
idiot life
pushes a
bristly
paddle
to dare
the smash of the sun

Alexander Laing

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David (or Ingres, to whom the argument was first applied) an ancestor of Hard-edge painting is too esoteric and debatable a comment to appear in the captions, which are after all the most widely read of all the verbal communications about the exhibition. □

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Berlin-Warsaw

In the two weeks I spent in these cities I saw ten plays and three operas. I therefore do not feel qualified to draw any firm conclusions—particularly since I am ignorant of Polish. The generalization I need not hesitate to make is that both Berlin and Warsaw are very active theatre centers. (The same holds true of other parts of Germany and Poland.) Almost all theatres play a repertory of at least three productions. All Polish theatres are state-subsidized, as are many in Germany. The standards in literary and professional quality are high. Audiences are most attentive and generally enthusiastic. Performances begin on time and there are very few latecomers. Nobody needs to be ushered to his or her seat: people find their place without any fuss.

Another generalization I may justifiably make is that the director—especially in Poland—is the kingpin of the theatre. This may be due to an insufficient number of sound new scripts. The definition I used to employ for the director's function, and now rather regret—that the director is the author of the stage production—is almost literally true in most German and Polish theatres. In many instances, the texts are treated as scenarios or pegs for directorial invention. This may be regarded as a modernist or *avant-garde* tendency, sustained by the authority of Artaud and the specific example of Meyerhold. But rarely are the directors artists whose skills validate their presumption.

That is not to say that the directors whose productions I have seen are anything less than superior craftsmen. Many are men of admirable talent. It is also to be remarked that while *avant-garde* efforts in the United States are usually confined to companies with inadequate technical and professional means, most German and Polish directors benefit by seemingly unlimited advantages in mechanical equipment, stage space, trained actors, original designers—all of which bespeaks abundant funds.

The results are productions that are certainly provocative—suggestive, that is, of wonderful possibilities for eventual creative use, but which in themselves are often merely clever or tricky. They make me think of certain writers possessed of vast vocabularies and astonishing rhetorical address who have very little of moment to say.

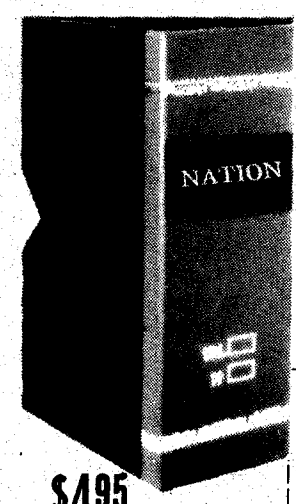
Peter Zadek, director of a theatre in the small industrial town of Bochum in West Germany whose production of Ibsen's *The Wild Duck* is reported to be first rate, opened a new rendition of *King Lear* in Berlin. It was a sort of clown or circus show. Cordelia was presented as a baby ballerina—she did most of her part on *pointe*. Regan appeared in leather apparel wielding a sadistic whip, Goneril was a caricature of a cinematic *femme fatale*. Kent wore a high hat, Albany a rumpled white dinner jacket. Edgar kills one of the play's minor rascals with a sword which he first sharpens on a scythe held by the accompanying figure of Death; the Fool is played by a hoyden; stage hands clear the props in full evening dress, etc., etc.

What is the intention behind all this? To deride the play? To prove that even as a grotesque farce it might retain its power? One couldn't be sure. Here and there brightly humorous bits of business occurred, but after the initial surprise the show became a bore. The performance lasted four hours, at the end of which, on the opening night, the audience howled its disapproval for half an hour.

In Warsaw a version of the Nighttown scenes out of Joyce's *Ulysses* was envisioned in a series of surrealist images which made no sense to me nor were they in themselves expressive or beautiful. I could not tell, having no Polish, whether the text was excerpted from the novel. It was all Bloom without Dedalus. All we could discern was that the director was having himself a ball.

A more coherent production was that of *Dante* out of the *Inferno*. It was the work of Jozef Szaina, a stage designer who did the setting for Grotowski's memorable *Acropolis*. Here the play becomes a long stream of scenographic illustrations which, for all their variety and imaginative flashes, made me speculate how much more effectively these things might have been accomplished in the films, but with probably just as little significantly communicative impact.

The two Polish productions which "worked" for me were in sharp contrast. The first was *Slaughterhouse* by Mrozek. He is a dissident who has exiled himself in Paris, but whose work now enjoys free entry into his native country, as he himself might also have. (There is more cultural latitude in Poland than in the Soviet Union—no insistence at all on "Socialist Realism"—and so also the overall "atmosphere" struck me as more Western than in the other European countries within the Socialist orbit.) *Slaughterhouse* is a satire on the destruction of artistic life—in this case music—in contemporary civilization. Musicians are enjoined, virtually compelled, to abandon their art for butchery! A violinist who cannot bring himself to do so commits suicide. (There is something of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* in the notion.) A Soviet critic familiar with the Polish language asked me to explain the play to him. He could not understand it: presumably art and culture in the Soviet Union are in no such



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MILDEW

In cellars
The damp hangs hawk-eyed, lidless,
Pared down
To a plainclothes stakeout.

Every crime
You will never commit there

Has already
Been dusted for prints.

Thomas Johnson

danger as Mrozek fears for our age.

The production—especially in its first act—is most apt. An entire symphony orchestra plays for us (first in archaic costume and later in modern clothes) only to be routed: instruments are smashed and the concert hall itself all but demolished. The play—originally written for radio—is possibly rather thin, but it could not be produced in the United States for less than the cost of one of our big musicals.

Paradoxically, the most complete production I saw was that of a medieval miracle play about Herod. Given in Warsaw's sole Protestant church—an 18th-century edifice—it was beautifully sung and cast, hieratically styled and though its sublime monotony was wholly alien to my disposition I had to admit that it was in its way truer theatre than all the essentially hollow theatrics of much of the rest.

The *Richard III* of the *Deutsches Theater* in East Berlin, directed and acted by people formerly associated with the Berliner Ensemble, is the best production of that play that I have ever seen. (Citizens of that sector of the city resent its being called "East Berlin"; they refer to it as the capital of the Democratic Republic of Germany.)

What struck me most about the production, apart from the setting which is dominated by an array of gallows, gibbets and other artifacts for torture, was its virile muscularity, its physical incisiveness: every motivation was visualized by active stage particularization. German actors are given to and are gifted in *rant*, but this is not inevitably a fault in Shakespeare. It is on the whole preferable to the gentlemanly tradition of the 19th-century and most of the 20th-century manner of purely "literary" or poetic readings. My belief is that Elizabethan actors played Shakespeare as violent melodrama (despite his injunction not to chew the scenery). The plays themselves, for all their verbal magic, are as fierce and brutal as the times in which they were written.

Be that as it may, the Richard of this production was a man of intense force as well as of guile (though somewhat lacking in wickedly playful humor) and his wooing of Queen Anne in its explicit sexuality made the scene for the first time in my experience dramatically intelligible and convincing.

A lightly almost gaily stylized production of Garcia Lorca's *Doña Rosita, The Spinster*, staged in West Berlin by a Spanish director, provided me with the greatest fund of pleasure, though certain members of the audience hissed the production because, I suppose, they found it frivolous in view of its subject matter. The play is about the decadence of Spanish society from the romantic era of "roses," that is, the cultivation and adulation of graces early in the present century to just before the outbreak of the Civil War provoked by Franco. The director chose to poke amiable fun at the prettily mannered "Old-World" life—as one might do at the heedless sentimentality of the well-born in *The Cherry Orchard*—altering the key to one of gloomy disarray as Spain entered its later phase. The only positive character, the one Lorca treats with utmost sympathy, is a servant girl in the "house of roses," a habitation that goes to seed and becomes destitute, very much as in *The Cherry Orchard*.

The production is delightfully set in a sort of handsomely fanciful Spanish Baroque, charmingly costumed, full of winning conceits. Lorca's occasional verse in this prose play is sung in parody, with a pianist in full view of the audience to accompany the daintier moments. The lighting is extraordinarily evocative: a battery of undissimulated spotlights in the rear of the setting serve not simply as sources of illumination but to create a golden aura which endows the air of the entire proceedings with an ecstatic glow.

The political emphasis that is increasingly evident from Berlin eastward assumes numerous forms. It is indirect in Peter Stein's adaptation of Gorky's *Summerfolk*. Stein, whom many regard as the outstanding director in West Germany, is, if not a Communist, clearly oriented toward the Left. That is not obvious in this production, except that he makes shadows of all the play's characters. Everything occurs in obscurity; the people for the most part whisper and are often, I imagine, designedly not altogether audible.

There is a considerable degree of "aestheticism" in this. The play opens with all its characters present in various positions of repose or indolence. They are disposed in a melting landscape on a setting of which the raised and narrow foreground represents the household interior, while the much larger background is covered by "real" grass and "real" birch trees. Scenes are cross-cut; the director justifies this on the basis that Gorky spoke of the play as "scenes from country life," so that the continuity is entirely fluid, almost, one might say, liquid.

The production is no doubt finely "orchestrated." Lovely in its sadness, it has been rendered in a style of muted impressionism and a dim realism—as if everything were to be perceived at a distance through a veil. But this in many respects admirable production seemed to me opposed to Gorky's art and temperament. It is all mood and no drama. Though Gorky was certainly influenced by Chekhov's seemingly "loose" structural method, his quality is one of forthright thrust, rough humor, a passionate affirmativeness approaching "propaganda." In Stein's reading *Summerfolk* becomes limp. Gorky, I believe, meant it to be vigorously declarative.

We have agit-prop theatre in the performance of Pablo Neruda's poetic play, *Splendor and Death of Joaquin Murieta*, a Chilean revolutionary "bandit" killed against all justice in California in 1853. This was given as a co-production by the *Deutsches Theater*, with students of the State Theatre School of the German Democratic Republic. American imperialism is unmistakably the villain of the piece. While the play as such is entirely simplistic, its performance (the action surrounds the audience) is full of striking images, expertly projected by a group of well-trained players who give themselves ardently to their collective tasks. The spectacle is theatrically vivid but one may doubt its efficacy at this moment as a political weapon.

The Soviet theatre was represented in Warsaw by a poem about a typical Russian soldier embodied in the persons of seven actors. They tell of their (or his) battles, their (or his) wounds, trials, pleasures, bravery and, above all, their devotion to their country's cause. The demonstration is enacted on a bare raked platform with a gun and a musical instrument hung above it. There are songs, and these the young, engagingly masculine actors sing with zest, as they do everything else. But what redundancy and banality as a show or even as a celebration of Russia's heroic struggle and victory thirty years ago! It is a pity that the Soviet authorities in theatre chose nothing more telling to send to the International Theatre Festival now being held in Warsaw. The result was in every sense counterproductive. □

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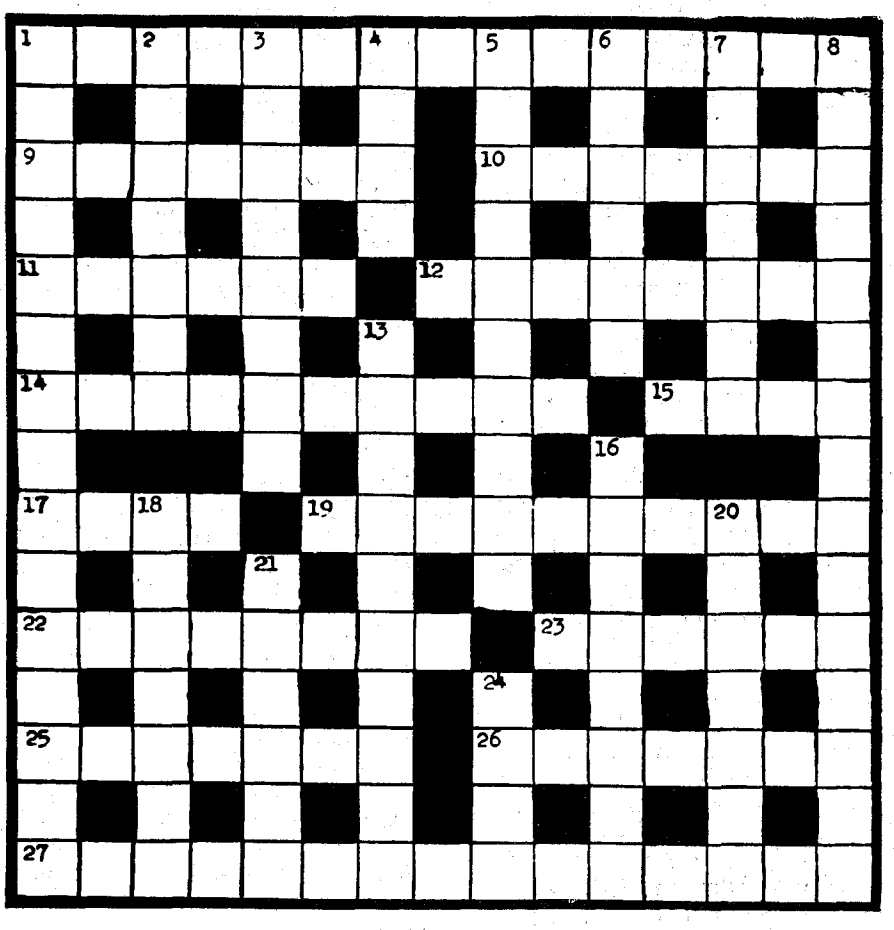
Crossword Puzzle No. 1594

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Far out, when accompanied by brass, reeds, etc. (Mitchell made it a hit.) (4,4,3,4)
9 Not exactly descriptive of a Kentucky rifle, though the old navy used it. (7)
10 Seen in Ankara, China and Pakistan as well. (7)
11 Got out of the draft. (6)
12 Literally, 50 in a sort of natural relationship. (8)
14 In one little shake, a classical hero might suggest a sour principle. (6,4)
15 It might suggest 13 down. (4)
17 and 4 down Doesn't work so, with standard shift. (4,4)
19 Their withdrawals are probably complete, with a nice short possibility. (10)
22 Wished so hard for strange things here? (8)
23 Take the cover off. (6)
25 With it, a reel change can be made right where the picture is made. (7)
26 Not a very big point, but you'll get really out of sorts when in pawn, as they say. (7)
27 Was Jerome writing about the shipboard crowd? (5,3,2,1,4)

DOWN

1 Writer of "My USA" and "Upstage" (in translation). (3,2,10)
2 Hurried up at great speed to do what 1 down did, on paper. (7)
3 They once made light of this, though the source might be something like Moby Dick. (5,3)
4 See 17 across.
5 Use the stairs to leave, in case of panic. (4,6)
6 A bug in the listener's receiver? (6)
7 Be disposed to bow. (7)
8 Carson was evidently told to go it alone, with such equipment. (2-2-8,3)
13 Ocean navigation for the chicken, perhaps. (4,6)
16 Sore throat might cause the fruit and everything to come up! (8)
18 In the stag show, it might make the color rush up. (3,4)
20 Even the best players are a little shaky with it. (7)
21 Hope to make a point? (6)
24 One from Anna's old country might make a hit. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1593

ACROSS: 1 and 22 Round-table discussion; 6 Chub; 10 Inferno; 11 Needing; 12 Cure; 13 Phenomenon; 15 Tastier; 16 Scratch; 17 Airport; 20 Disturb; 23 Berg; 25 Oxidate; 26 and 27 Of Thee I Sing; 28 Wait and see. DOWN: 1 Rain cats and dogs; 2 Unfurls; 3 Dore; 4 Another; 5 Linings; 7 Hairnet; 8 Begin the Beguine; 9 Mesmerist; 14 Binocular; 18 Russian; 19 Tessera; 20 Drop-out; 21 Useless; 24 Sten.

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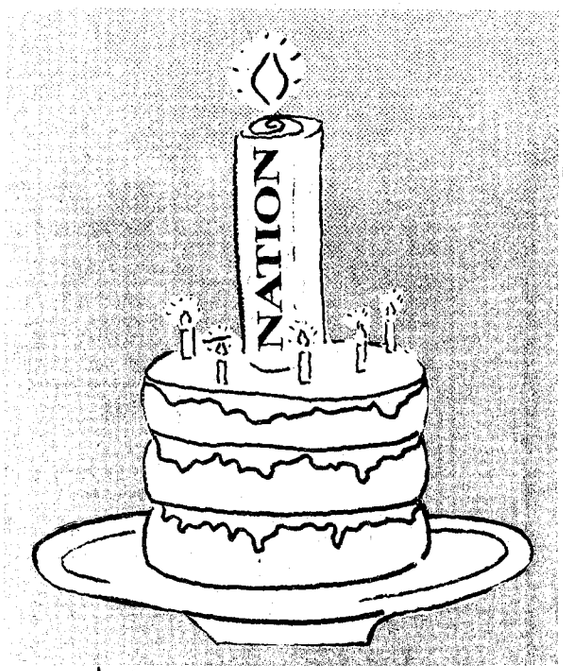

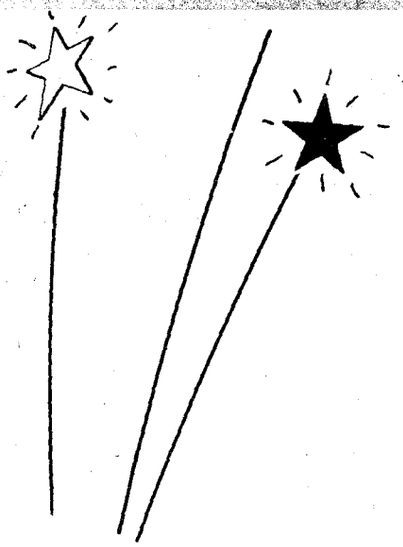

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